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First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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FRIEND, MAKE HASTE.

BY F. B. CLARK.

Wanderer, art thou not weary
Of thy straying far from the fold?
Is not thy life often dreary,
And the wide world cheerless and cold;
And though, in moments of laughter,
Thy spirit is wilfully gay,
Thy thoughts that come after
Chest whistles of Reckoning Day?
And, my friend, full well thou must know
How slender and frail is life's thread;
And, too, that no blessing can flow
For thy comfort when thou art dead.
So hie thee, lest the Angel of Death
Doth smite with the shade of his wing,
And thou yield thy dearly loved breath
Ere thou hath the cure for his sting!

A WORD IN SEASON.

It might perhaps be difficult to discover the reason why one whose entry into this country dates from a comparatively recent period should be so inordinately rash as to take up his pen and deal with one of the most important problems now before the Churches. But there are times when light springs in upon darkness from unexpected quarters, and there have been occasions when the accredited appliances of science and reason have been cast aside for the reader methods of custom or expediency; and so a side light, as it were, thrown upon a social problem by one whose eyes have been accustomed to a different order of things, may at least contain the germ of thought that will lead to a complete solution. That problem which faces religious communities with sphinx-like imperturbabilities is, how, with so many agencies for the advancement of Church work, and the extension of the Church's influence—how is there such falling away of the people, and why are the sanctuaries so few and scattered? This question has entered the domain of practical church problems, and its pressure is being felt with insufferable force. Yet it is more than a mere question; it is a problem plus a necessity. It means on one hand either a decadence of pulpit power, or, on the other, a growing indifference to the claims and duties of religion. Let any one take the matter into careful, earnest consideration, and if he look at it with ordinary fairness of mind he will find that it is one which involves very high issues.

Some time ago, one of the leading religious bodies made arrangements to test the attendance of its adherents and members at its various churches. The result of the census then taken disclosed the rather peculiar circumstance that, while the membership as a whole was decreasing, the attendances at church showed an increase. Evidently, the church was retrograding in members, while there was an enlarged amount of interest evinced by those who remained in communion therewith. Again, and still more recently, a prominent and persevering sect in this city, at one of the general meetings, gave statistics which must have produced a sad feeling of disappointment in the minds of all who heard or read them. In point of fact, it was declared that the church had been losing ground all along the line. Where so many had been fondly believing that the church was widening her stakes and enlarging her borders, the sad note of retrogression was sounded, and people were awakened rudely to the fact that there were large areas in the boundaries of this city which, so far as church privileges were concerned, were but howling wildernesses. The particular field which was designated as barren and void of facilities for worship, was in the direction of North Beach. But above and beyond this there loomed the gloomy fact that while so much good was being done to the heathen abroad, there were crowds of people of our own nation and name who were living untended-for at home, at our own doors.

Whence, then, arises this callous indifference to the duties and privileges of the service of God? Why should there be this neglect of the opportunities which every enlightened people would consider as sacred? Is there no penalty which follows that nation which forgets its God; is there no danger in apostasy?

The cause of this condition of things may be variously stated, according to the peculiar standpoint from which one considers it. Yet the fact remains, and it is one which, like most stern facts, can neither be leapt over nor dug under; it must be faced fair and straight. The truth is, that the nation as a nation has been carried along upon such a tide of material prosperity that it has ceased to recognize or to have any concern in recognizing its daily dependence upon a God of Providence. To put it bluntly, it may be said that religion has declined, because our people are overfed. It is because God has so largely opened his bounteous hand and spread wealth so lavishly upon us, with all its concomitant comforts and luxuries, that we have ceased, in a great measure, to see the source of our abundance; we have lost

sight of the source of our blessings. He sends the copious showers and the warm sunshine, and our fields wave with golden harvests for our store. He opens up the treasure-house of the earth, and gold and silver become as common things—coal to warm us in cold weather, and oil springs which but require to be tapped in order that the illuminating fluid may run almost unceasingly into our tanks. Such is the lavish liberality of his plenteous hand that working classes of this land fare as sumptuously as the rich of other lands. Our tables are loaded with food and every want supplied, with very little labor in producing. Of the nations of the earth, surely this land is favored above all. Blessed with all the fertility of a veritable land of Goshen, it has opportunities which it would be fatal to neglect. And shall it be said that the land of such privileges and opportunities shall be the most meagre in its return of gratitude to the beneficent Giver of every good and perfect gift? God can bestow as none other, but though he may give without seeming to see whether we rightly use it or not, yet he has his seasons of reckoning, and how terrible are his retributions! There are times when the Spirit ceases to strive with men, and the darkness appears to leave not a glimpse of hope. Once let the blighting famine touch with its withering hand the rich fields of the land, and then preaching shall take the place of pugilism in the minds of the masses, and God's holy day shall become a day of prayer, instead of being devoted to baseball and picnics. If what has been said is true, it is natural to look for a decadence of spirituality in seasons of prosperity. For when wealth flows in with full tide upon a people, the mind becomes materialistic and gross, and the necessity of a faithful trust upon God for daily benefits being removed, there arises a sense of independence and self-sufficiency which is hurtful to all true progress in faith. Every Christian minister whose labors bring him into contact with the different classes and conditions of men knows full well that the most fervent hymns of gratitude rise not from couches where ease and comfort repose with luxurious indolence; but if one would see the earnest uplifted look of pure piety, let him go to the bed where pain and sickness battles with life; and so it is with nations as with individuals. In those sterile and rugged countries where the seasons are less even, and the sower lives in doubt as to how he may reap, where the storms of wind and hail sometimes lay bare the fields of grain—there it is that people are constrained to acknowledge their obligations to the God of harvests, and the prayerful spirit becomes a necessary part of man's nature. It is noticeable that strong religious feeling is found among the daily toilers of every land. The reason is perhaps more simple than many would believe. When people are forced to admit that what good they receive comes from the hand of God directly, then there is a tendency to draw man and perform those duties which constitute religion. To advocate a return to the primitive worshipful spirit of our forefathers, it is necessary first of all to inculcate a sense of dependence, for this is the common foundation of all faiths and religions. This it is which will spread the spirit of gospel teaching throughout the land with greater efficacy and more permanent vitality than all the resolutions of presbyteries or conferences which man can frame. It is this alone which will stem the tide of religious indifference and make this great nation "a people whose God is the Lord."

W. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 2, 1890.

WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.

At the Cleveland Conference, held in April, an application for the customary license to preach was laid upon the table until the fall meeting, for no other apparent reason than the sex of the applicant—Miss Janita Breckenridge, a graduate of Wheaton College and a student in the middle class of Oberlin Theological Seminary.

It looks as if this action had been taken for the purpose of obtaining the views of the denomination upon the question of ordaining women to the ministry, the license being merely a preliminary step thereto. Upon this subject the *Congregationalist* has been heard from clearly and unequivocally, and I should like to hear as definitely from THE PACIFIC, especially as representing the views of our own theological seminary.

For my own part, I hail this action of Miss Breckenridge as being a divinely inspired response to the anxious question, especially of our Home Missionary Superintendents, "Where shall we find pastors for our churches?" And I sincerely trust that the Cleveland Conference will recognize and endorse the lady's call to the ministry.

E. F. DINGMORR.

SINGING IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. W. N. BURR.

1. *What shall we sing?*
Wise men differ as to what may best be sung in the Sunday-school. It is a question of popular versus classic music. Some, with a cultivated taste for the choral, are so strongly impressed with its worth and beauty, that they would have nothing else than that heavy, slow-moving style of music sung in the Sunday-school. They are loud in their denunciations of what they are pleased to call "ephemeral Sunday-school pieces." One man enjoys a certain style of music because it is "classic"; another does not enjoy it for the same reason. One says: "Give us music that is solid; something that will wear. We are tired of flimsy sentiment, bad theology, cheap jingling tunes." One of this class, writing in the Sunday-school *Times*, some years ago, said: "I have diligently sung from 'Winnowed Hymns,' 'Bright Jewels,' 'Royal Diadem,' 'Pure Gold,' 'Brightest and Best,' and 'Moody and Sankey,' and I do believe there is not enough in them all together to make one book that will wear for ten years. And what is a book worth that has to be eaten hot?"

The editor of the *Times*, commenting upon this, says:
"It is clear beyond argument that a great many intelligent superintendents do not want to confine their schools to music of the artistic character. They prefer a fair share of hymns and tunes which will not 'wear ten years,' but which will be as much better 'eaten hot' as buckwheat cakes or apple dumplings are. There is no need of pressing the advantages of music of a high, artistic order in its place. The experience of the ages has approved such music. In favor of the modern Sunday-school music in its place—of the best of such hymns and tunes as are included in 'Christian Songs' and 'Winnowed Hymns,' and the 'Moody and Sankey' collection, even though they may not wear ten years—it may be said that they have driven out from popular use the love ditties and negro minstrel songs of the generation before; and that they have apparently won more souls to Christ in the past twenty years than were won by the agency of artistic music in all the former years of the Sunday-school."

I am inclined to sympathize with the position taken by the editor. I believe that in our singing, as in our preaching, we ought to "look at actual human hearts as they are, and then give them that which moves them as they ought to be moved." While we ought always to do our best with our best, we should keep in view the object of our effort, and remember that our best is that which results in progress along the line of our real object. He who is under bondage to the artistic may fail of accomplishing that which should be accomplished by the music in our Sunday-schools. The classic may please the artistic sense, but some of us have no artistic sense. We all have hearts, however, and if the "ephemeral Sunday-school music" can touch the heart and help to throw open its doors to let the Lord Christ in, give us the ephemeral. When it passes away we can take up more just like it.

An earnest Sunday-school worker, a cultured man whose name is very familiar to some of us as a writer of Sunday-school literature, once gave this bit of personal experience through the Sunday-school *Times*, which is in point just here: "Whenever the soul gets possession of just what it wants, musically, it is likely to revel in it until the freshness and special power of the music to awaken emotion is worn away. We sing it, and hum it, and dream it, until it becomes like one's own face in a glass. Some years ago, at an institute, I heard for the first time that little gem by P. Bliss, 'Jesus loves even me.' I am not specially impressed, but rather the contrary. Neither was I experiencing a new convert's emotions. The hymn took possession of me and I of it, immediately. Tears ran down my face, and I was almost overwhelmed with emotion. I continued as it were immersed in that sweet hymn, humming it, and thinking of it, until I fell asleep at night. Meeting the family in the morning, I told them what I had heard, and undertook to sing it to them, broke down, burst into tears, and gave up the attempt. For some time afterward I could not trust myself to sing that hymn in the presence of others. Now, perhaps I am mistaken, but I just don't believe that classic airs or German chorals ever had such continued effect upon anybody."

Of course, care should be exercised in the selection of hymns to be sung in the Sunday-school. I do not believe in "singing anything" with the children any more than I believe in "singing anything" that happens to be in the hymn-book at the church service. Some years ago there was a hymn in our Sunday-school song-books that was much sung, because it was set to music that was bright and

sprightly, worthy of better companionship than was given it in the words to which it was joined. The words were the most senseless doggerel. No heart could ever have been touched by them for good, for they did not mean anything. This so-called hymn began:

"O golden hereafter,
Thine every brighter rafter," etc.

The "rafter" of the "hereafter" were always a puzzle to me, and the hymn almost as meaningless as if it had been written in Choctaw. Do not sing senseless words because they are joined to pleasing music. The little hymn already referred to, "Jesus Loves Even Me," may not be artistic, but it means something. It has a mission which it should be allowed to accomplish.

I take great pleasure in singing with our own school, each Sunday, at least one of the more solid hymns, such as are found in our church hymn-book. This quarter we are singing for our opening hymn, to the grand old tune "Hendon," the familiar words:

"Christ, of all my hopes the ground;
Still, in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ."

Avoid the senseless. Sing some of the more solid hymns. Take care never to become a slave to the artistic.

2. *How shall we sing?*

(1) Sing as happy Christians, engaged in happy service; as wide-awake Christians, engaged in wide-awake service. It is well to sing our Sunday-school hymns through the week as we are about our work, or walking through the fields, or resting at the close of the day. It is well to sing them as lullabies when the babies are rocked to sleep; but we must not become so accustomed to using them as lullabies as to forget and sing them sleepily when we are in the school. I have been in Sunday-schools where the singing was done as if the singers were all sitting in comfortable rockers on the shady back porch on a hot afternoon, with two or three drowsy blue-bottle flies somewhere near, but out of sight, buzzing just loud enough to be heard, as if their only business in life was to sing the world to sleep. There is no place for drowsy blue-bottles in the Sunday-school. Everybody ought to sing, and sing heartily, with enough of spirit to keep up with the leader, if the leader himself is one who is wide-awake and knows how to direct the singing in proper time. The other day I saw two horses hitched to a loaded wagon, and pulling it nobly. A third horse was tied by a rope to one of these two that were doing their work so well, but this third creature was a stubborn beast, evidently unwilling to go, as he should have done, with the others, and once in a while he would refuse to lift his feet, and would pull back with all the strength he possessed, "just like some singers will drag behind their leaders," I said to myself. "Keep up, friends, keep up."

(2) All sing—teachers, officers, scholars, pastor—the entire school. If you cannot sing, act as if you would if you could. Enter into the service as well as you can, if it be nothing more than listening carefully. I do not like to see a Sunday-school scholar, when the school rises to sing, lean against the chair in front of him, and listlessly gaze about the room. Have books enough to supply the whole school, even those who cannot sing, and let the teachers consider it a part of their work to interest their scholars in the singing. Those who can sing should sing. Those who cannot, should listen to those who can. Make this part of your Sunday-school exercise as hearty as possible, and the listless scholar will straighten up, usually, and join his voice with the others.

(3) Then, above all, help the school to sing with the spirit and with the understanding. Do not allow this service to become a mere form, with no life in it; and the life of the service of song is not boisterousness, it is not even a great volume of harmonious sound—it is understanding. Help the school to catch the sentiment of the words they sing. Make the hymn "Jesus Loves Even Me" teach the children something of the Master's love for them. When they sing "When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels," help them to know what it means to be among Christ's jewels. Hold up the blessed Master to the school in the songs as well as in the lesson story.

SAN JACINTO.

Marshall Field has given a 198-year lease of a lot in Chicago to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and on this property the Union will erect its proposed temple of temperance. The rental of the ground will be \$40,000 a year. The building will cost \$800,000, and will be twelve stories high.

The publication office of the *California Voice* has been removed from this city to Los Angeles, where, with the interruption of a week or two, it will continue to be published.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ISRAEL EDSON DWINELL, D.D.

There are lives that are living epistles of a better world. There are characters that are a prophecy of immortality. They kindle our conceptions of a brighter land; they point to heaven and lead the way.

Such was the life and character of our revered and well-beloved friend, Rev. Dr. Dwinell, who so recently heard the glad summons, "Come up higher!" and who with ready and prompt obedience entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. Dr. Dwinell had nearly reached his three score and ten, having been born at East Calais, Vt., October 24, 1820. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1843, and from the Union Theological Seminary of New York City in 1848. The following year he was ordained Associate Pastor of the South Congregational church of Salem, Mass., where he remained until the winter of 1862-63, when he came to California to accept the pastorate of the Congregational church at Sacramento, where he labored most faithfully for twenty years, resigning his charge in July, 1883, and going abroad in company with his devoted wife, visiting Europe and the Holy Land. On his return he was called to the Professorship of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Pacific Theological Seminary at Oakland, of which he was one of the founders. He entered upon his duties September 1, 1884, and was fulfilling them up to the time of his decease. He received the degree of "D.D." from the University of Vermont, and was one of the notable men of the Congregational Church of this country. He was an intense and untiring worker; faithful to the very last degree in every attitude and aspect of life. He was a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions, a trustee of the Pacific Theological Seminary and Hopkins Academy, a Vice-president of the Board of Trustees of Mills College, a member of the Berkeley Club, and a frequent and valued contributor to several leading religious periodicals and papers.

In his home life, where the writer was privileged to meet him in the tread and trend of daily duty, Dr. Dwinell was the model husband and father, full of gentleness, love and devotion. The key-note of his character was heavenly faithfulness, and it covered all the landscape of his home life, as well as his public life, with moral and spiritual bloom. He was a man of calm and tranquil mien, with that high-bred courtesy which always shows itself in quiet dignity of speech and bearing. He had a kind and sympathetic nature, and possessed in abundance those rare graces that naturally grow in the soil of such a heart. He was as true as steel, and his simple word was equivalent to the most solemn vow. He was a teacher and preacher of truth and righteousness, not only in word, but in deed. His whole life was one of fragrant beauty, love and service; and, as the sunset came and the twilight dropped down, it was but the harbinger of a bright coming morning—the prophecy of a fast-approaching dawn. To this saintly soul, that had reached its three score and ten years, there had come no withering nor blight, but only richness and ripeness. He was translated in the plenitude of his powers. It was life's insensible completeness, not a dwarfing of nature, but its perfection; not a fading, but a re-flourishing. What wonder that the autumnal glories were decked with a smile of welcome, and the solemn rustle was full of heavenly music!

Dr. Dwinell possessed in fluent measure the characteristics of the true disciple and consistent Christian teacher. The intellectual and the emotional were wisely balanced in his theology. His intense and quiet earnestness was linked with broad intellectual culture, and real scholarship of soul as well as of mind. His vigorous thoughts were clothed in executive expression. All this was baptized with a large, deep undertone of rich, Christian experience, an unmistakable consecration to God and goodness, and a supreme devotion to the Saviour of men, whose leadership he closely followed. The Christianity which he taught and exemplified was a rich, full, hardy, manly Christianity—not a religion of austerity, but of strength and of love; a Christianity whose passion is its principle, and whose principle is the salvation of men through a crucified and risen Redeemer. When we think of Dr. Dwinell, we think of him as the realization of the apostle's ideal—the embodiment of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." In the tranquil and beautiful transition of such a life is verified the exultant acclaim of the Psalmist: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

And thus it was with our revered and well-beloved friend. Amid the tender and loving ministries of the devoted wife of his youth, and the children of his affection—Mrs. Dr. W. J. Wilcox of East Oakland, Mrs. H. E. Jewett of Vacaville, and William Dwinell of Sacramento—passed over and on to the land of immortal beauty, where three other beloved children awaited his glad coming. And so, amid these parting cords of a terrestrial fellowship, let us thank God for the sacred testimony of such a life—a life which reveals the celestial, the realm of perfect bliss, the land of everlasting joy!

Death to such is transition. Hope fledges for flight,
Love bursts into transport, Faith swells in to sight;
Prayer glides into rapture, all sighing shall cease,
And Patience shall melt to a radiance of peace.

Death to such is transition—the weary have passed
To life in its fulness, to happiness vast;
And, restored anew, with all frailties forgiven,
The twilight of earth proves the day-dawn of heaven.

S. B. C.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer, V. L. B. W. B., 1725 Geary street, S. F.

OUR JUNE MEETING.

The Woman's Board met on Wednesday, June 4th, at Plymouth church, San Francisco.

The Executive Committee lamented that so many of the committee were absent, but all were most lovingly remembered, and the ties that kept many of them away were spoken of with all tenderness. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Scudder presided at the general meeting.

After Scripture reading, a hymn and a prayer, Mrs. Warren gave a report of the work she had done of late, and some letters sent by Mrs. Jewett were read. One of these was from Miss Flora Denton, Japan; she spoke of the ill-health of Miss Richards, although she still worked steadily. The letter closed hastily with the intelligence that Miss Richards was down with pneumonia. Miss Denton also wrote of the hostility the Japanese were showing to foreigners, and how it not only affected their work, but many of the native Christians were influenced by it. A bright, jovial letter from Mrs. J. C. Perkins brought smiles to all faces, for she had just been to the Mission meeting, and not even the heat of India or the discouraging Hindoos could dampen her ardor for the new year. Mrs. Fisher read a charming letter from Miss Talcott in Japan, who is supported by the W. B. M. I.; she seemed more encouraged than discouraged.

The long letter from Mrs. Arthur Smith of China was one of the most delightful ever read at a Board Meeting. She described, in her inimitable way, the school she and the twins (the Misses Wikoff) had established this last year, modeled after the one Miss Pierson started at her station some time ago.

They had seventy women in all, chosen from the neighboring villages, and divided the scholars into parties of five, thus spreading the teaching over a number of months. The missionaries lodged and fed the women, who cooked and did all necessary work out of school hours. Some of the women ranged from sixty to eighty, some were middle aged, and some were young women and girls; but Mrs. Smith seemed to take special delight with the old ladies, and she could only see the fun of their quaint remarks and the joy of unfolding the truth to their darkened minds.

But others read between the gracious lines, and knew of the patience it must have taken to teach those aged intellects; the grace that must have come from prayer to sow seeds in the old idolatrous ground; and the beautiful spirit that must have been shown to make them all love her, and dread to leave, though staying meant hard mental labor for six hours every day. Already the earnest workers have been gladdened by seeing some of the fruit from the seed sown, and are eager to go on. And so our June meeting was most pleasant, and, although many of the usual faces were absent, those that came were encouraged to push forward, and be as earnest here as the faithful missionaries are abroad.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT.

[Chaplain Rowell's Report at the annual meeting of the San Francisco Port Society, in Bethany church, June 1, 1890.]

"Go up, now," said the prophet, "and look toward the sea"; and the servant, returning, reports, "There is nothing." "But go and look, and look, and look, till you do see something." But for six times over the answer is still, "Nothing." And so it is with many now. A look over the sea reveals to them nothing. The officer of the deck asks the watchman, "Have you seen anything?" And the answer is, "Nothing, sir." And the larger number of men give us the same answer, "I see nothing but a vast expanse and rhythmic rolling waves."

But other eyes, returning from the same survey, report much.

The merchant sees a glorious free highway, dotted with a hundred forms of sea-craft, gathering and distributing merchandise, the whole world over.

The political economist sees boundless stores of food, free to all who may choose to gather it.

The scientist sees regular, restless, world-surrounding tides, with millions of tons of vapor, visible or invisible, shot up from the boundless bosom of ocean, for storms and climatic changes, and for nourishment to all lands.

And the poet, catching the idea, says, "In that invisible mist I see gardens with flowers and fruits, forests and streams, and countless harvests of all food for men and animals."

So, then, there may be a great deal to be seen, where most eyes see nothing. Now, hear the Father ask, "What seest thou, my well beloved son?" And the answer comes with the reach of omniscience: "I see the right arm of my power for the conversion of the world. I see men, millions of men, toiling men, rough men, suffering men, bold men, bold in sin, strong men, strong in evil doing, men of many tongues and nations—my great host, though they acknowledge me not—untrained and unconsecrated, yet mine own, my chosen ones, whom I have appointed for my great work. Upon that top-sail yard furling the sail in the teeth of the tempest, I see another Peter who will never quail at danger, and will give his life for my cause. Scrubbing that deck I see a Paul, who will not count his life dear for my sake, and who will preach my word to many nations. In that swaggering blasphemer I see a John whom I have chosen to preach the gospel of love and purity. And I see there a great cloud of witnesses, bearing my word over all waters, and to all the coasts of the world."

And ought not the Church of Christ to see what her Master sees? Then, what means the word we often hear from her: "What have I to do with seamen? Go to ship masters and men of commerce, for help for seamen." Until quite lately the church has gazed listlessly upon the sea, and reported "there is nothing." And when compelled to look for the seventh time, she has seen only a cloud no larger than a man's hand. But now, almost before she has time to seek cover, the heavens are dark with clouds and rain, and the ocean is beginning to pour upon the starving earth its wealth of refreshing and life. No longer does the Church of Christ gaze upon the sea, and report, "I see nothing." At length she is stretching warm hands of welcome to the men of the sea. No longer does he who pleads the cause of seamen meet with a repulse in any Church of Christ.

God is stirring the hearts of his people with warm sympathy and love for seafaring men, as they hear of his wonderful work of grace among them, and see them coming in crowds to the Savior, "as doves to their crows."

And as Paul says of the Jews about to be converted, "What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" so may we say of the conversion of seamen. In their long neglected condition, they were a plague and terror to the Church of Christ. In all sea ports, godless, drunken seamen were a menace to the work of the Church; while at all mission stations their advent was dreaded and their bad influence mourned. In those far off isles of the Pacific, when the top-sails of a ship were seen rising up out of the sea, there was joy at the prospect of news from home and friends, and sorrow for the back-set the mission work was sure to get from the visit of the lawless crew.

But now all this is very largely changed. Christian seamen, visiting missionary stations, leave precious blessings behind them. Many a missionary has recorded his gratitude for the good work done in his field by the good example and earnest testimony of converted men in the crews of vessels calling at their stations; and for their own spiritual quickening by contact with these zealous young converts to Christ. Of course, this blessed change is not universal; the great majority of seamen are yet unconverted, and wicked men will do iniquity, but so many are now on the Lord's side that they exert a strong restraining influence on the evil-disposed among their shipmates, and their good work is a blessed sign and promise of what is to come in our mission field, when more and more of these strong and fearless men shall be openly on the side of Christ.

And as to the churches in Christian lands, that must be a dying church that does not feel a deep and active interest in these men of the sea, and a sleeping church that does not recognize their

vital relation to that universal church aim, the conversion of this world to Christ.

Thirty years ago, those who seemed to see among seamen signs of great promise for Christ's kingdom were regarded by many as visionary and quite astray, but this is all changed now. Tidings from our field are eagerly inquired for, and many tearful eyes sparkle out of glad Christian faces at the recital of God's great and happy work among the rough toilers of the deep. Indeed, a great many churches have received new life by the reception of some of these zealous workers into their own field and work. Converted seamen have become preachers of the gospel, superintendents and teachers in Sunday-schools, foreign and home missionaries, and leaders in other forms of Christian work, and in all classes of Christian laborers they take their place among the best. Converted seamen are now generally recognized by Christians as a growing power in the church of Christ.

When your Chaplain came to San Francisco to organize Christian work and institutions for seamen here, he was kindly received, but many a pitying smile was shed upon him by those who had seen the failure of previous efforts in the same line, and not even one pastor believed it wise to try to organize a church for seamen, "for where"—said they—"will you get your material?"

Even that man of faith and zeal, dear Brother Lacy, said: "No, Brother Rowell, do not try to do unreasonable things. If you can win some of those wicked men to Christ, bring them into our churches, and we will look after you and your work." Could that dear brother look on this same field now and see nearly three thousand souls won to Christ there, and a church whose members are working for him on all seas and in many lands, I think he would raise his voice higher in song than he has ever yet done, even in heavenly places. No church or pastor in this city now regards the Mariners' church as a failure, or its special work as a mistake.

And now another year's work is finished—a year more fruitful in good results than any one before it—and we thankfully record a portion of its history. In all our work we have to keep always in view

THE PECULIAR NEEDS OF SEAMEN.

They are men of like passions and natures with other men, but in unlike circumstances, which require a varying treatment. We cannot give them methodical and continuous instruction, for they are migratory. For once or twice, or at most, a few times, we can address them, and then they are away; so, for them, a great many small

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

Are better than a few large ones, as in other churches. No sailor comes to San Francisco without having the opportunity to attend at least one religious meeting, since no day in the year passes without at least one such meeting. Our doors are open every day in the week from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., or later, for reading, conversation and worship. Four evening prayer-meetings and six more at mid-day give opportunity to all and any that desire to mingle with God's people in this worship. In these a very large number of wanderers, one or two at a time, have been led to accept Christ as their Savior, and a multitude have received a bent from sin and towards righteousness.

Then, in addition to the Sabbath services usual in other churches, we have two open-air services on the water front, one in the afternoon and the other immediately before the evening service in the church. Many have been awakened in these meetings, many led to attend church services, and some converted to God. A great many are willing to attend a meeting of this sort whom fear, indifference or scorn keep away from all church attendance. Besides these extra meetings, one or more for quiet, informal worship are held each Sunday in the forecabin of ships lying at the wharves. These, too, have resulted in bringing some souls to Christ. Then we have two temperance societies, each of which holds one evening service each month. In these, thousands of sailors have pledged themselves to total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and some have made this their first step in the road to heaven. Then there is a branch of the White Cross League, a Band of Hope, a Sewing Society, and a Society of Christian Endeavor, all doing such work as they may for Christ and souls. So far as meetings go our people are very busy, and give abundant opportunities to seamen to escape the loneliness of their calling. Then we remember that

SAILORS NEED SYMPATHY AND FRIENDLINESS.

We visit them a great deal on their ships and in their boarding-houses, with kindly counsel and invitations to our various meetings; we greet them with a cordial hand-shake at the meetings and elsewhere, and sometimes invite them to our houses, though our families are too few to offer much of this hospitality.

Then, so far as we can, we maintain friendly relations with them by written correspondence. Many a sailor has been gladdened at finding a letter awaiting him at his port of destination, and many a time has this letter helped them to withstand temptation when far away from Christian friends.

Once a week, also, simple refreshments are served to all who may be present, and this act of friendliness is followed by song and prayer.

In a word, all sailors know that when they reach a port like San Francisco they

need not lack that friendly fellowship which they need almost more than any other men, and that the grog-shop is not the only place where he can find it. I am glad to be able to say that a good many others, not belonging to our church, have come to feel a deep interest in sea-faring men, and are willing to make sacrifices to help them. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union make the care for sailors a part of their work; and some of these Christian women, most of whom do not belong to us, give one evening of each month to a service of literature and music, free to all sailors, at the Coasting Seamen's Hall, which is largely attended and highly appreciated. Then a zealous Christian lady gathers a company every Sabbath, who go out to the distant Marine Hospital, and hold a religious service for the sick ones there. But, while these are not the direct work of our church, it is yet true that these and other forms of Christian sympathy for sailors are the legitimate result and outgrowth of such work as ours. They illustrate what is said early in this report—that the Church of Christ no longer sees "nothing" in looking out on the sea. God grant that the Church may be thus more and more drawn into loving care for them! Another prime need of seamen is

EMPLOYMENT FOR LEISURE TIME.

Idle time is the devil's opportunity, and the experience of our seamen proves that couplet of our childhood true—that "Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

Idle time on land they are too apt to give to carousing and debauchery; and idle time at sea, where there is less opportunity for social wickedness, to conversation and thought about it. We do what we can to fill up this vacancy. On shore we have our reading-room, which is open to all seamen, and where books, papers, magazines and writing materials are free to all. More than twenty thousand visited this room during the year, and more than twenty five hundred letters to friends were written there—a large increase over any previous year. Men of various nationalities find here papers in their own languages, and read them eagerly. We see to it that every sailor that comes into the port knows of this place by circulating on all vessels and in all boarding-houses printed notices of this and of all our meetings. We would be glad if five scores of thousands, instead of one, made use of this room; but all we can do is to open the doors and assure them a welcome. This room has been to many a doorway into Christ's kingdom.

Idle time at sea we fill, so far as we can, with good reading, in the form of periodicals, put up in bundles and entrusted to some officer or sailor for distribution. Nearly all deep-sea vessels are supplied with small loan libraries in the ports where they are owned, or whence they sail, so that there is really less occasion for us to do that, which we really have not the means to do, to much extent. Some of our coasters and whalers are thus supplied by us, but a good share of what we have thus bestowed are under Arctic sea and ice. But we do a good deal in other ways. Our printing-press is a diligent worker, and sends hosts of quiet messages far and near. During the year more than one hundred and twenty thousands of pages of tracts, cards, notices, etc., have been printed and circulated. We find the old motto worth remembering—"If we fill the bushel with wheat, there will be no room for chaff." But, above all other necessities, sailors need what all men need, and none more than they.

PRESSURE CHRISTWARD.

This it is our earnest endeavor to exercise at all times and in all circumstances. This is the direct aim of all work. We can say with Paul, "This one thing we do," and our mode accords with this in this particular. We try to, "by all means, save some." We do not believe in boarding up ammunition in store for some grand march and assault, by and by; but we try to capture one and another, and keep doing this all the time, from one end of the year to the other. We try to "watch for souls." We hold none of our numerous meetings merely for enjoyment and edifying, but keep in view in every one the idea of winning some soul to Christ.

And in this steady endeavor, we are very often reminded of a fact that a great many Christians either forget or disbelieve; viz., that God's Spirit strives with all men everywhere. Many of those rough men, who seem so far from piety or even seriousness, are so moved by the convicting power of the Spirit that it needs only a warm and earnest "Come" to bring them to Christ. The work is more than half done before it falls to our hand to lead them into the kingdom. Over and over again have we heard in our meetings a word like this: "I know not why I am here to-night; nothing was farther from my intention than to come here; but somehow I felt drawn towards the place, and now that I am here I want you to pray for me, that I may be saved." And so many who, on rising in the morning have no thought of seeking Christ, have lain down at night, trusting and rejoicing in him.

But now I seem to hear this oft-repeated question, "Do such men hold out?" Let one of themselves answer the question. In a letter he says: "I am keeping fast to the right track, but at times feel pretty down-hearted, being all alone, as I feel sure that none of the others are leading the life that they should, and I am certain that not one

moment of my life shall I cease to be grateful to the Almighty for sending you to arrest me in my downward course to destruction. I do wish that you would pray for me continually, not that I am afraid of falling back into my old life, but that I may be given strength to overcome all temptations."

Now, while we cannot watch over many of our converts, we keep in communication with as many of them as possible, and so learn of their steadfast adherence to Christ and his service. And it has become with us an experience so common, as hardly to call for remark, to hear strangers in our meetings say, "So many years ago I found Christ in this church, and I have followed him faithfully ever since." Many who ask this question seem to feel more trust in the thoroughness of man's work in behalf of souls than in the effectualness of God's work in them.

Another sailor writes in the same strain: "I have got to put up with a little nonsense from my shipmates, who try all they can to get me to go with them to saloons. But they don't succeed. God gives me strength to resist, and I hope, by the grace of God, that no man shall drive me off that ground I have already gained."

But we give ourselves little concern on this point. Christ says to the Father, "Those whom thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." Our watch and care are of small account in comparison with His who says, "I will be with thee; I will help thee; I will never leave or forsake you." Our work is to lead men to Christ, and not to help him to take care of them. Even were they left in our care, they would be no whit safer than they are when, in the path of duty, they are far from us and all the means of grace; for in any case, by God's grace alone, are they "kept from falling."

One thing in our way of working, in which we are unlike many churches, is that in our services, instead of persistent and indiscriminate setting forth of God's love for men, we dwell much on man's lost and ruined state by sin, believing that no sinner can be led to give himself to Christ till he is convinced that he is lost without him. As Christ himself says, "They who are well seek no physician, but they who are sick." It is generally not difficult to persuade very sick men to send for a doctor; but they must first be made to know that they are really sick. Not a little fault has been found with this mode of labor, but effects justify means used. The fact that almost three hundred souls have been, as we believe, led to accept Christ as their Savior during the past year, is sufficient reply to such criticism. John the Baptist and Jesus Christ both came preaching repentance as man's first duty, and multitudes were saved by their preaching. All of us would do well to follow their example.

Another point in which our mode of work is unlike that of some, is that we believe in a frequent hauling of the net. Many neglect this, seemingly because they do not believe the net has anything in it. But how can we tell this without trial? If we cast the net in faith, is not God pledged to bring something into it? Now, we believe that his word is not to return void, and so we haul in the net. And if we get but one little fish, is not this better than nothing? May not this one be such a haul in which that solitary fish became the pastor of a large and useful church—nor is this our only experience in the same line. One fish is well worth hauling a net for. So, at the close of every meeting we make inquiries for those who may be in fit state to be led to Christ, and we very often find them. Our Sabbath services always close with an inquiry meeting of half an hour or so, at which the whole congregation remains, and this meeting is never without some fruit. We believe that fifty-two converts are better made in fifty-two weeks than in one—better for the converts and better for the church. And we believe, moreover, that if we aim to win fifty-two souls in fifty-two weeks, purposing that no week shall fail to bring us one, we shall win more souls to Christ in one year than we should by any other method. So we keep a constant lookout for awakened sinners, whom we may lead to Christ. Perhaps some one may feel like asking, What is the

TYPE OF SEAMEN'S PIETY?

There is no type peculiar to these men. They come from nearly all classes of society, except the very lowest, and of course, their religious experience varies with their varied types of character, education, etc., just as that of landsmen does. But their mode of life and their associations ensure one marked difference from landsmen, in their religious experience, viz., there are few half-way Christians among them. Our churches of landsmen are much afflicted with these, but not so our seamen's churches. A sailor must be one thing or the other. If he is to stand he must be well joined to Christ, for otherwise his seeming religion will soon be knocked out of him. For this reason the stalwart type of piety is very common among sea-faring men. They are bold confessors of Christ and zealous workers for him. For this reason they make excellent workers in the church. I suppose this is one reason why Christ chose a majority of his apostles from the ranks of seamen.

This thoroughness in their religion extends to all their habits. Almost all converted seamen renounce not only rum, but also tobacco. And this they do, not because we so instruct them (we

are careful not to make laws about such things), but because their own Christian good sense so teaches them. Here is what one of them says in the letter: "I have given up smoking and chewing. I have tried to do this before, but could not do it. * * * I will tell you how it was: I thought it was not becoming a Christian to be indulging such an idle habit. I am sure our Saviour never left us an example like that. * * * So I first asked my Father in heaven to take the desire from me, and praise be to God the desire was taken away from that hour."

What a pity it is that some of our land Christians do not honor and love the Saviour, so much as "this publican!"

Another letter illustrates this thoroughness of Christian character. The writer is the son of an English clergyman, and was converted here: "I feel as if I cannot do enough for Christ. I have given myself to him as a sacrifice to do his will and keep his laws. It is the highest aim of my life to do his will and use the talent he has given me for him."

But I must close this report. I am glad and thankful to have lived and served in this work another year. I thank God for my efficient and faithful helpers in this good work, to whom, under God, is due the credit for the larger part of this blessed harvesting. I thank him also for the growing sympathy of his Church in this work, second, as it is, to no other field of Christian labor. And I am full of joyful exultation in the ever growing assurance that the sea is to be converted to God, and become a prime agent in turning this world to him.

GLEANINGS.

How much better is the love that is ready to die than the zeal that is ready to kill.

To have a portion in the world is a mercy. To have the world for a portion is misery.

One may live a conqueror, a king, a magistrate, but he must die a man.—Daniel Webster.

To fill your life with the spirit of heaven here, is the way to make sure of going to heaven hereafter.

The Christian is like the ripening corn; the ripener he grows the more lowly he bends his head.—Guthrie.

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproach.—Hinton.

His gifts are to the overflowing of the cup; but when the cup would overflow, he deepens its hollow, and widens its brim.—Macdonald.

We might sit at the well-furnished table and satisfy ourselves with the Bread of Life. Instead of which we only pick up here and there a crumb that falls from the table, and then complain that it affords no nourishment.

It is nothing to a man to be greater or less than another—to be esteemed, or otherwise, by the public or private world in which he moves. Does he, or does he not, behold and love and live the unchangeable, the essential, the divine?—Eschys.

Do you imagine that the Lord will be satisfied with what you can spare, the "strait" of your full measure? Has it never occurred to you that God demands, not what you can spare, but what you will miss; that he requires a real sacrifice at your hand?—Rev. John Pollock.

If all the labor of God is to bring sons into glory, lifting them out of the abyss of evil bondage up to the rock of his pure freedom, the only worthy end of life must be to work in the same direction—to be a fellow-worker with God.—The Vicar's Daughter.

The best way to make the most of life is not to set a certain amount of money to be gained as a goal, and plan to stop at that point, but rather distribute one's profits wisely all the time, and keep before one's self objects to be gained by labor that will add interest to life.—Congregationalist.

To try to make others comfortable is the only way to get right comfortable ourselves; and that comes partly of not being able to think so much about ourselves when we are helping other people; for ourselves will always do pretty well if we don't pay them too much attention.—At the Back of the North Wind.

Every time a man bethinks himself that he is not walking in the light, that he has been forging himself and must repent, that he has been asleep and must awake, that he has been letting his garments trail and must gird up the loins—every time this takes place, there is a resurrection in the world.—A Sea-Board Parish.

Religion, as a mere intellectual system, is more a philosophy than a worship. As such, it cannot be sustained in the world among those who find their delight in thought. But as a life, as an experience, as strength, as comfort, as hope, as worship, the full soul of man will ever find in it the greatest joy.—H. W. Thomas.

It is when life becomes straiter by sorrow and bereavement, that men of faith see widely over the land of far distances. A divine atmosphere envelops their world, a vaster amplitude of light surrounds their being. Sorrow makes that the far-away things of eternity, that are usually unseen when all is well, become distinctly visible.—Hugh MacMillan, D.D.

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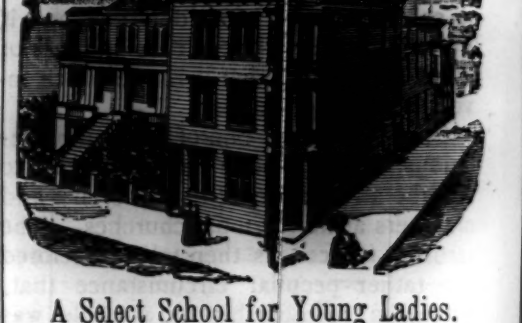
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HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss, untroubled by any strife—
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me
While I live in the world where the sorrows
be,
When the lights die down from the path I
take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me!

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for he is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above
To soothe and quiet us with his love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh;
Can it be trouble which he doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

—Selected.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Miss Phoebe Mason trotted briskly
about her neat little kitchen with a
smiling face. She was making ginger snaps,
and their delicious odor floated out of
the open door and across the yard where
two horse-chestnut trees, locked in each
other's arms, had shared each other's se-
crets for centuries.

Miss Phoebe was a born cook, her
friends said, and she certainly liked noth-
ing better than to dismiss her maid of all
work to some other part of the house,
while she weighed and measured, mixed
and stirred, to her heart's content.

Humming softly to herself, as she
deftly wielded rolling-pin and cutter, she
started at the sound of footsteps in the
little porch. Turning, she saw a boy
standing in the door, and regarding her
with wistful eyes. He was apparently
about fourteen years old, and a certain
air of refinement was evident, in spite of
his soiled clothes and ragged shoes.

"Can I come in?" he asked politely,
taking off his cap.

"Certainly," said Miss Phoebe cor-
dially, pushing a chair toward him on
her way to the oven.

Lifting her face, rosy from a critical
inspection of the great oven's contents,
she saw the boy leaning back wearily,
with closed eyes. She moved a griddle
noisily, and he suddenly opened his
eyes and tried to sit erect.

"You are tired! Lie down here a
little while," said Miss Phoebe, shaking
up the pillows of the neat, chintz cov-
ered lounge invitingly. "My nephew
Charlie always enjoys a nap on this old
lounge," she went on, appearing not to
notice the flush of pride that overspread
the boy's face. "He says the ticking of
the old clock just puts him to sleep."

A moment's hesitation, and fatigue
conquered pride. He sank down with a
sigh, and almost instantly was asleep.
Poor boy! he was used to a soft bed and
a quiet room, not to sleeping in barns
and sheds.

"There is something wrong there,"
said Miss Phoebe to herself, nodding
toward the sleeping boy. "He is no
common tramp. I wouldn't wonder if
he had run away from a good home.
Looks as though he had been having a
hard time of it. He shall have a good
rest now, and something to eat before he
goes on," and she moved softly about
the room, hushing Jane with a warning
finger when she returned, that nothing
might disturb the tired sleeper.

When at last the boy awoke, he looked
about him in astonishment. Miss Phoebe
was sitting in her low rocker by the win-
dow with the morning paper, an inviting
lunch stood on the table, while the
aroma of coffee—something he had not
tasted for many a day—filled the room.
He sat up suddenly as he recalled where
he was and how he came there.

"How soundly you have slept!" said
Miss Phoebe brightly, as though it was
the most natural thing in the world for
him to lie down on her lounge and take
a nap. "Now I know you will enjoy a
cup of coffee and some of my cakes.
Charlie says he can always eat one of his
Aunt Phoebe's cakes, even if he isn't
hungry," and she laughed good naturedly.

The boy looked first at her, then at
the table, and then at his hands.
"May I—could I wash me?" he
asked.

"Certainly; right there in the sink.
You'll find soap and towels at the right
hand."

She gave a little nod of approval as he
carefully brushed his hair after a thorough
ablution of both hands and face.

"It is a beautiful time of the year to
travel," she said, looking out of the win-
dow, that she might not appear to notice
the eagerness with which he drank his
coffee and ate the delicate bread. "A
beautiful time to travel when everything
is so fresh and green, and the air so
pure. I feel like singing all the time,
but I let the birds do that for me; they
can do it so much better; so I praise

the Lord in my heart and enjoy it just
as well. Are you traveling to seek your
fortune?"

The boy gave her a startled look out
of his brown eyes, then silently bowed
assent.

"I hope you will find it, though it
doesn't always come by going after it. I
should think you would be laying the
foundation for yours instead. Don't
you like to go to school?"

A silent assent as before.

"That's good. Now, I understand
boys pretty well. I've a host of nephews;
besides, I used to teach school consid-
erable when I was younger, and I have
always a warm place in my heart for
young folks. I've always said I could
tell a boy's character by the books he
likes best. Would you mind telling me
your favorites?"

"Anything that is a book."
"That is bad. One would better eat
every thing he sees than to read every
book that is printed nowadays, for the
one will only poison the body, while the
other ruins the soul. A boy of your age
though, ought to have but little time for
reading if he does justice to his school."

"You wouldn't have him study all the
time, would you?"

"Bless you, no. I'd have him play
and exercise to keep his body healthy,
and then if he has any time for extra
reading, let him read books of travel and
biographies of famous men, to see the
world and learn of men through wiser
eyes and brains than his own. You don't
want any brittle stones in the founda-
tion you are laying for your character."

"Don't you believe in reading fic-
tion?" he asked in astonishment.

"Some of it; but there will be plenty
of time for that by and by. Lay the
foundation now, broad and strong; with
obedience to parents and to school dis-
cipline, however irksome, for the corner-
stones, and the rest will come in God's
own good time."

He had finished his lunch by this
time, and, as she followed him to the
door, he said brokenly, "I don't know
how to thank you. My mother would if
she knew of it."

"Go home and tell her about it, then,"
she said, holding out her hand, "and
then watch for an opportunity to help
some one else."

He took the hand held out to him,
pressed it warmly. His chin quivered,
but without another word he turned
away and hurried around the corner.

Pausing, however, at the gate, he turned
and went softly up to the front door and
read the name on the doorplate. Then,
pulling his cap over his eyes, he dashed
down the street.

Miss Phoebe stood for some time
looking thoughtfully up into the leafy
depths of the chestnut trees.

"I wish I hadn't let him go. He was
off like one of those swallows, before I
knew it. I wish I'd asked his name.
How stupid of me! Never mind, the
Lord knows it, and He will care for him
the same as He does for the birds."

A few weeks later she received a letter
that surprised her not a little:

"Dear Madam:—How can I ever
thank you for what you did for my boy
the day he called on you, tired, nearly
sick, and oh, so homesick! He had
been gone from home three weeks, and
only those who have been through a like
trial know how long those three weeks
were, and what I suffered. Stung by an
unjust punishment at school, and censure
for the same at home, and influenced by
reading too many stories in which boys
ran away from home, did so many won-
derful things, and came back rich and
famous, he followed their example. He
says you showed him his folly, and sent
him home to me. Words can never ex-
press my gratitude for what you have
done. With an overflowing heart, I ask
God to bless you every day."

"Yours Sincerely,
"J. C. DAVENPORT."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed
Miss Phoebe, when she had finished the
letter, wiping alternately her eyes and
her spectacles. "If that doesn't beat
all! I didn't do anything, only gave
him something to eat and a place to
sleep in—In His name," she added
reverently.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE WORLD'S FIRST WEDDING.

What a morning that was of the
world's first wedding! Sky without a
cloud. Atmosphere without a chill.
Foliage without a crumpled leaf. Mea-
dows without a thorn. It shall be in
church—the great temple of a world,
sky-domed, mountain-pillared, sapphire-
roofed. The sparkling waters of the
Gihon and the Hiddekel will make the
fount of the temple. Larks, robins and
goldfinches will chant the wedding march.
Violet, lily and rose burning incense in
the morning sun. Luxuriant vines sweep-
ing their long trails through the forest
aisle—upholstery of a spring morning.
Wild beasts standing outside the circle
looking on, like family servants from
the back door gazing upon the nuptials;
the eagle, king of birds; the locust, king
of insects; the lion, king of beasts, wait-
ing. Carpet of grass like emerald for
the human pair to walk on. Hum of
excitement, as there always is before a
ceremony. Grass blades and leaves
whispering, and the birds a-chatter, each
one to his mate. Hush, all the clouds.
Hush, all the birds. Hush, the waters,
for the king of the human race advances,
and his bride. Perfect man, leading to
the altar a perfect woman. God, her
father gives away the bride, and angels
are the witnesses, and tears of morning
dew stand in the blue eyes of the violets.
And Adam takes the "round hand," that

has never been worn with work or stung
with pain, into his own stout grasp and
says: "This is now bone of my bone and
flesh of my flesh." Tumults of joy
break forth and all the trees of the wood
clap their hands, and all the galleries of
the forest sound with carol and chime
and chant, and the circle of Edenic hap-
piness is complete; for while every quail
hath answering quail, and every fish an-
swering fish, and every fowl answering
fowl, and every beast of the forest a fit
companion, at last man, the immortal,
has for mate, woman, the immortal.

MARRIED—Wednesday, the 1st day
of June, in the year 1, ADAM, the
first man, to EVE, the first woman,
High Heaven officiating.

—*T. De Witt Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHY WOMAN IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

First and foremost, woman is man's
best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in ill-
ness, endures his fretfulness and "moth-
ers" him.

Because she will stick to him through
good and evil report, and always believe
in him, if she loves him.

But without her he would be rude,
rough and ungaily.

Because she teaches him the value of
gentle words, of kindly thought and of
consideration.

Because she can with him, endure
pain quietly, and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed
tears of repentance, and he is never re-
minded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a
fretful boy—and we all do, you know, at
times—with no reason in the world for
it, woman's soft word, touch or glance
will make him ashamed of himself, as he
ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive
he would grow lazy; there would be no
good work done, there would be no
noble books written, there would be no
beautiful pictures painted, there would
be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beau-
tiful world in which we should be proud
to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason
of all—when the world has reached an
uneventful state of wickedness, the
blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for
all mankind was given to a woman,
which was God's way of setting his seal
of approval on her who is mother, wife,
daughter and sweetheart, and, therefore,
man's best friend.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

HIS UNCERTAINTY RELIEVED.

Albert Ross (Lyn Boyd Porter) re-
cently told how, when a boy, he satisfied
his mind over the end of "Great Expec-
tations." His little tow head had puzzled
itself and wondered and speculated over
the closing chapter of the book, until
to know for a certainty just what did
happen on the other side of that last
page seemed to him the most desirable
thing in life. So, when Dickens came
over and started on his reading tour, the
youngster made up his mind to find out.
He repressed all his yearning for candy,
and when the great story-teller reached
his town he was ready to go. He man-
aged to mix himself up with the crowd
of persons who wanted to shake hands
with the novelist, and as he stood before
him and reached out his little brown fist
he gasped: "Mr. Dickens, I want to ask
you something!" "Well, my lad, what
is it?" "Did Pip marry Estelle?"

Putting one hand tenderly on the little
fellow's head, while a pleased look came
over his face, Dickens replied with all
the confidence of a story teller who
knows privately the whole future life of
every one of his brain children: "He
did, my boy, he did."—*New York Evening Sun.*

DON'T SULK.

If things do not move on as we wish,
what do we accomplish by becoming
sour or sullen over everything? We re-
member a man of much ability, who,
years ago, was prominent in the educa-
tional work of the State, and because he
could not have his own way about some
things, he would not do anything. What
has he accomplished by such a course?
Nothing. He has simply put himself
into a position to lose his influence
largely with many persons who once
looked to him first for advice in what
they were inclined to do. If we can not
do as we please, better do the very best
that we can and let the Master take
care of the results. Nothing will win
the confidence of those who follow so
much as cheerfulness. Try it and see
what you may accomplish by this meth-
od.—*Selected.*

PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

How different is peace from happiness!
Happiness is the result of harmony be-
tween our wants as creatures and the
world without; peace is the harmony be-
tween us as spiritual beings and the
Father of our spirits. The one is change-
able as the objects or circumstances on
which it, for the moment, relies; the
other is as unchangeable as the God on
whom it eternally rests. We may thus
possess at once real happiness and real
peace, yet either may exist without the
other. Nay, more! Happiness may be
destroyed by God in order that the high-
er blessing of peace may be possessed;
but never will he take away peace to
give happiness. Happiness without
peace is temporal; peace along with
happiness is eternal.—*Dr. Norman McLeod.*

Farm and Household

PORTIERES FOR CLOSETS.—It is much
better to have a rod and curtain at a
closet than a solid door. The portiere
admits a free play of air, which clothing
in constant use needs. To get rid of
closeness should be the leading thought
in the bedroom; everything for cleanli-
ness, purity and ventilation. A length
of cretonne with a silesia lining of pretty
tint, a light brass rod and rings put with-
in the casement of the door, is just the
thing and takes up no room. Cotton
funnel in rich Persian figures and in all
varieties of coloring can be bought at
forty cents a yard. It has a silky surface
which is rich looking, but I should prefer
a cotton which could be brushed and
shaken with no change. The striped
cottons, blue and white, ecru and white,
can be bought for twenty-five cents a
yard and are quite suitable. So also is
the blue denim, and this can have bold
geometric designs, worked in coarse
white or red linen floss. A fringe can
be made across the bottom by drawing a
double thread of floss through the edge
of them, trying and cutting in even
lengths. If there is neither closet nor
wardrobe a "hanging case" can easily be
constructed of pine by any carpenter;
two upright pieces a foot wide and of
convenient height, a cross piece at the
top and another at the bottom with
heavier moulding to give solidity. The
back has one or two wooden strips and
dark cambric tacked behind. A shelf
is put in beneath the top deep enough
for bonnet boxes, etc. Below the shelf
the hooks are placed. A curtain of pretty
cietonne, dividing in the center, is hung
by gilt rings on a light brass rod across
the front. This is a good substitute for
a wardrobe; small wardrobes cost from
fifteen to twenty dollars. I may say in
passing that in choosing furniture get the
best you can afford, plain and unornam-
ented. A cheap piece, showily carved,
requires half the cost for the decoration,
instead of the substantial foundation one
would prefer.—*The Housewife.*

WIRE AND PICKET FENCE.—The
fence of the future seems to be the wire
and picket. Most of the fence machines
are made to use five wires, but three
wires are used in this section. As now
made, the machines use two wires of
equal size in each strand, twisting them
both alike, but a fence built in this man-
ner is sure to sag, no matter how tightly
it may be strained at first, as the pickets
will shrink, or the wire wear into the
corners enough to throw it out of line.
The best way is to use three wires, about
the size of telegraph wire, straining these
tightly in their place; have the machine
made so that the wires pass through the
center of the hub, using a wire about
half the size to twist around this and the
picket. A fence well made in this man-
ner will not sag out of line. These
fences cost fifty to seventy-five cents a
rod complete. Anything can be utilized
for the pickets—small, straight saplings,
about an inch in diameter; slats, which
can be cut from an old board fence; or
pickets sawed on purpose, which cost
from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per thousand. These,
if pointed on top, and the fence
built so they are all on a line on top,
and painted with some cheap mineral
paint, will look neat, last many years,
and can easily be repaired if any pickets
get broken. Such a fence is not danger-
ous to stock.—*American Agriculturist.*

KEEPING FRUIT.—The best fruit pre-
serves are made by boiling down the
juice, without any addition, till it thick-
ens. The natural gum and sugar present
in most fruits only needs concentration
to form either syrup or jelly; but the
practice has been so long to use sugar
for a more rapid process, at the expense
of flavor, that the earlier and better
method is all but forgotten. The first
confections and preserves of fruit ever
known were made in this manner, in the
rich valleys of Persia and northern In-
dia, a process doubtless learned from
dates, grapes, figs, and nectarines, curing
themselves on the bough in favorable
seasons, drying in their own sugar crys-
tallizing round the stem. The grape
juice thickening on the sides of the wine
press in the sun would teach some one
more intelligent than his fellows to try
evaporating the juice on slabs of stone,
and the honey so made was delicious
enough to fix the process in favor. For,
the classic Scripture of the Syrian land,
flowing with milk and honey, meant not
merely the giant combs of wild bees in
the clefts of the rock, but the delicate
nectar which distills from free hearted,
ripe fruits, as one may see it in a hot
summer in the dead-ripe damsons and
sweet grapes of our home gardens, when
"the plums are globes of honeyed wine."
—*Vick's Magazine.*

OBJECT OF FEEDING.—Young and
old fowls need enough of nutritious food
to keep them in thrift and good condi-
tion. The object of feeding well is to
increase size as rapidly as possible, and
to furnish nutriment and the material
for the eggs for the laying hens. With
young fowls the rapid growth of body,
bone and feathers is a great drain, and
to supply these and push the bird along
as fast as possible, and consistent with
growth and strong constitution, we must
have resource to a supply of proper food
during certain periods of growth, and
during the season when we desire the
greatest number of eggs.—*California Cackler.*

The man who ploughs the field is not
always the man who will gather the har-
vest.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1890.

ISRAEL E. DWINELL.

The Rev. Dr. Israel Edson Dwinell, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Pacific Theological Seminary, died at his residence in Oakland, Saturday, June 7, 1890, in the seventieth year of his age. He had been deemed dangerously ill less than a week. Four months ago the prevailing disorder affected him; but not so severely as to keep him from most of his regular work. But it did not leave him, and he was hoarse and half sick many weeks. At the middle of May, when he was to have read a paper before the General Association of Southern California, he was not able to go, but sent on his paper, and went himself to the house of some of his friends in the interior. Returning after ten days to Oakland, he felt much relieved, and attended to various duties without special inconvenience. But his labors and exertions the last week in May, in connection with Mills College (of whose Board of Trustees he was Vice-President), in which he was deeply interested, and for which he acted with a stern sense of right, led him unconsciously beyond his strength. He knew that he was not in full possession of his physical energies, but, trusting to a kind of supreme rally of his forces, he carried himself through his duties with a rare and triumphant audacity. The weakening of his heart action, of which there had been previous symptoms, now became painfully evident. Nevertheless, for two days more he kept upon his feet, though his pulses were rapid beyond all precedent. Then he lay down, to rise no more, and lived on for a week in a painful struggle for breath—the diseased lungs receiving no blood, filled up until respiration was impossible; the last two beings days of terrible agony, yet of heroic patience and saintly resignation, of a perfect readiness to depart, and of the most unfaltering faith in the Redeemer, and in the life to come.

Dr. Dwinell was a native of East Calais, Vt., and was born in 1820 into an earnestly religious household. He was the third son in a family of nine sons and one daughter. Most of the brothers survive him, men of business, at the East. His only sister is the wife of the Rev. J. G. Hale, and is a resident of Lugonia, in Southern California. In due time, at the age of nineteen, this third son of the household entered the University of Vermont, and graduated in 1843. He was converted while in college, and turned at once to the Christian ministry as his proper lifework. These choices—in religion and of his occupation—were made with that certitude and energy which were always characteristic of his positive and downright nature. After graduation, he was engaged for two years in giving instruction in the State of Tennessee. He then entered the Union Theological Seminary, in the city of New York, whence he graduated in 1848. The following year he was ordained associate pastor of the South church, in Salem, Mass. This relation he held for more than thirteen years, and until about the time of his coming to this coast. The pulpit of the First church at Sacramento became vacant March 1, 1863, and Dr. Dwinell entered upon his pastorate there July 1st of the same year. The climate of Salem had used him severely, and he had been feeble in health for a few years, and subject to some bleeding of the throat and lungs. Of these difficulties he became almost entirely free, after a few months in the very different climate of Sacramento; so that he was able to do a man's work there, through twenty of the golden years of his manhood. When these twenty years were ended, and he had reached the "grand climacteric" of existence on the earth, he felt that a change was imperative, and he was regularly, and honorably, and sorrowfully, dismissed from his charge.

During the year 1883-84 he rested, and traveled—making the tour of Europe and the Orient, in company with the late Dr. Goodell and others, in the spring and summer of 1884. In the autumn of '84 he began his career as a professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary, of which institution he was one of the founders, and a trustee from its inception. To this work he gave himself with ardor and energy, and with great personal enjoyment; and, of course, to the full satisfaction of the officers of the Seminary, and the finest advantage of its pupils; to say nothing of their esteem and admiration; since he brought to them knowledge, experience, character, wisdom and the uplift of a great nature.

As already intimated, he was a good deal worn and wearied by poor health the last part of the study-year of '89-90, and he was so wise as to promise nothing ahead, involving great labor, when the year should close, and after the finishing of his paper for the Association, South. Yet, after he was prostrate and the prospect of rising again had grown dim, he remembered that his correspondents had been neglected. Then, for two days he engaged himself in dictating letters, through his daughter as amanuensis, to the number of ten. When these were written out he felt a kind of supreme satisfaction, and said, "That brings my correspondence up to date." Then he added, "If the Lord has not any more work for me, I am ready to go." The Lord had not, and he was content to have it so, after having sent messages of love to every relative he had.

Dr. Dwinell married, in 1848, Rebecca E. Maxwell of Jonesboro, Tenn. Of their six children, two died in infancy, and one in Sacramento, in her youth, as the wife of R. N. Hawley. Three survive him—Mrs. Rev. H. E. Jewett of Vacaville; Mrs. W. J. Wilcox, M. D., of East Oakland; William Dwinell, in business at Sacramento, having a wife and children. A side-light is let in upon the domestic relations of Dr. Dwinell, when it is stated that, at the daily morning prayers of the family, the father read from the original Hebrew or Greek, the mother from the French version of the Scriptures, and some other member from the revised version. At the end of the of the reading, before the prayers, the father compared, commented and expounded, sometimes elaborately.

Dr. Dwinell was methodical, patient, and persistent in his parish and pulpit work—making about so many calls, writing about so many sermons, attending about so many meetings every month, and giving about so much time to public affairs. He read a great deal. He kept himself abreast with the world in learning, literature, education, civilization, science, government, politics, political economy, and religion. He contributed frequently to newspapers, magazines, and quarterlies, in various departments of thought. He was a man who did his own thinking. He was positive in his convictions, tenacious of his opinions, and fearless in their advocacy. He had, therefore, the chief qualities of a leader, and was always ready for a movement in behalf of any cause he held dear.

He would stand for nothing except in conscience. He must regard himself as ethically right, or he would not move at all; and when he felt that the right was with himself, he would not be moved at all. In the recent conflicts that have disturbed the "American Board," for instance, as a corporate member, the conservative side seemed to him gigantically the side of honor, right, and righteousness, and his whole nature poured itself into pen, speech and action for that side of the conflict, and for the success of the Board in the line of its antecedents.

The Christian public has not been slow in recognizing his merits. He received his honorary title from his *Alma Mater* soon after his coming to this State. He has twice represented the churches in the National Council—was made Assistant Moderator in one of them, and Preacher of an "occasional" sermon in the other. He held the office of a Corporate Member of the "American Board" at the time of his death. He had been the Moderator, and the Preacher of the General Association of California. On all sorts of occasions, when a good adviser or advocate was needed, his services have been sought, and the place of a leader has always been given him.

Yet the excellency of our brother's life, that modified and crowned it, was his personal piety; his all conquering love for the Savior of Sinners. This made his social culture fine. This broadened his sympathy into a wide and genial humanity. This inspired and sweetened his nature, and made him a perfect gentleman. This expelled all cynicism, pessimism, bitterness, and gall, from his

nature, and rendered him affable, kind, rich in fellowship, and abounding in good will. This modulated his selections for Scripture readings and prompted his favorite hymns—"Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God, to Thee," and so on. And it is this that has made his memory most precious in the churches he has served, and the houses with whose inmates he has been familiar. The Lord whom he so loved bath called our brother to himself; and to that larger seeing, following and loving, we joyfully surrender him—in spite of our human reluctance, our sorrow and our pain.

When, in some denomination of Christians, a sad case of ministerial shame or unworthiness occurs, it is natural, but it is usually mean, for persons in some other denomination to get all the advantage possible out of the case. It is easy, but it may also be false, to say, That shows the loose or inefficient status of that particular type of Christianity; no such instance could have been tolerated in our fold! In our system you would have seen how that mischief would have been handled. Now, while it can not be claimed that all the various groups of organized Christianity are equally pure or equally dextrous in handling bad cases, yet history shows that any scandal which may have shocked us in another denomination has been substantially duplicated in our own. Or, if we hold up our hands in holy awe at the lax way in which such scandal has been treated elsewhere, a little searching of our own ecclesiastical records would teach us that it is not systems that are so much at fault, or so much to be relied upon, as the men and women who in any place or in any juncture have the system in hand. The best machinery may be spoiled by a foolish child who has it in charge. And the terrible infant may break out in the best of families.

All those who were permitted to be near the death-bed of our Brother Dwinell regard themselves as having received a wonderful moral and spiritual uplift. There was such a magic, mastery, majesty in his faith, in his bearing, in his self-command, in obedience of the Spirit, while he struggled on in his mortal agony, and while he strove to exhibit, in pose, in feeling, in speech, and in thought, the peace that ruled within, that all were drawn as into some vestibule of heaven itself. Every morning of that last week of life, when the regular hour of worship arrived, he would bring all about him, and have them read together, in concert, the 103rd Psalm or the 121st Psalm, and the 23rd Psalm. Then he would have them sing, "Rock of Ages," or "Nearer my God." Then he would have them all pray, each in turn. Afterward he would occupy himself with individuals, and with subjects, as rapidly as his short, quick breath would permit utterance—and, through all, every matter would be carried to such a lofty plane of feeling, conscience, duty, and power, as to fill them with awe and wonder and wistfulness. When the later agonies came, he was beyond ordinary utterance, and prayed to be delivered from this body of death, and prayed in such pathetic tones as to thrill and pierce every hearer. He entreated them all to pray, and keep on praying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The sixty-fourth anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society was held last week in Saratoga, N. Y. Rev. Dr. McLean preached the opening sermon on Tuesday evening, from the text Isa. xli: 7-12; subject, "The Fountain Opened in the Midst of the Valley." The audience numbered over twelve hundred. The Saratoga Union says of the sermon. It was "a pithy, practical and comprehensive home missionary address, holding the attention of its many hearers for over two hours." Telegrams published in our secular papers report that the invitation to meet next year in this city was accepted, if rates on the railroads are made satisfactory. We have no advice on the subject.

Next Tuesday, June 17th, will be "Bunker Hill Day." We hear that preparations, larger and more elaborate than usual, have been made for this year's celebration of the day. We admire the pluck and perseverance of the Bunker Hill Association of this city, which will not allow the day to go into forgetfulness. In our younger years we were often enough on the scene of the battle, and under the shadow of the monument, to catch the spirit of Putnam and Warren and their compatriots, on that day of sacrifice. That was the true type of many a conflict, where the wrong seems to have carried the day, but the right has never lost the field.

SPOKES FROM THE "HUB."

Forest and field have put on their garments of praise, and seem at this time in more full dress than the average year. Yet, after glimpses of Southern and Central California, the summer land of flowers, and fruits, and songs, in February, March and April, the verdure of spring is not as apprising as usual.

There have been two notable gatherings in this city within a week. One, that of the Norfolk Club last Friday evening, when Honorable J. S. Clarkson, First Assistant Postmaster General, a guest of the club, made a telling and oft-applauded speech, with the ring of true and heroic statesmanship.

In speaking of the Southern question, he alluded in opening to the maimed and deformed colored doorkeeper of one of the departments at Washington; a piteous object, a victim of the brutality of Southern chivalry, for twenty years a teacher in South Carolina. About a year ago he was appointed Postmaster at Abbeville. For this offense he was dragged from his bed, beaten with barbed-wire whips, jumped on and left more than half dead, with a broken arm and a broken leg. The leg, without proper care, healed at right angles, and the arm is paralyzed.

I quote a few sentences: "A Democrat may cast his vote in peace anywhere in this land. In thousands of places a Republican, solely because he is a Republican, may not vote at all, or else not have his vote counted. A Republican may be arrested and tried in any community in the South. A Democrat cannot even be arrested, much less tried and convicted, for any political crime. There are hundreds of communities in the South wherein no Republican of any kind is permitted to hold office. There are thousands of communities where a Republican, if he happen to be black, dare not take an office if appointed to it. I come to this traditional fountain of American intelligence and courage to ask why an American who is a Republican has fewer rights than an American who is a Democrat. I am in favor of making this a republic for Republicans as well as Democrats. [Applause.]"

There is a larger question in this than that of politics. There is the question of humanity and duty to God. When Mr. Grady came to Boston, and with a speech as sweet as the music that fell from David's harp, asked the North to shut its eyes and sear its conscience and let the South do as it pleased, he asked a great deal more than the North could grant. Even if the R-republican party could forget its conscience before God, and no longer seek to protect its members in the Southern States, and no longer seek to make the republic honest, still there would remain the Christian conscience of the nation to prevent the petition being granted. Politicians cannot give up the rights of human beings granted by the Father of us all. Even if the churches of the North should unite with the political parties and say let the South continue its wrongs in peace, the wisdom of God would in some wise check the wrongs and punish the wrongdoers. For God will protect the weak if man will not. For some wise purpose he has always kept the black man prominent in our affairs. He does not judge of men by anything else than the test of faithfulness to humanity and fidelity to conscience. When he looks down upon the earth he is not impressed by the magnificence of anything that is material in its greatness. He looks for heroic deeds among men. Timid people quail before the duty of the nation, but a Christian nation dare not quail in its duty before God. The answer must be made on conscience by all Americans who believe in the humanity of man and the Fatherhood of God; that if the South cannot settle what is called the Southern question, and give all citizens the right to vote, the United States must and will settle it."

A brilliant assembly, under the auspices of the Congregational Club, gathered in Music Hall last evening in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the close of the War of the Rebellion. The hall was profusely and beautifully decorated with flags; and life-size portraits of Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant, patriotically draped, graced the wall in the rear of the platform—made attractive by tropical plants. The Germania orchestra played patriotic airs, while the heirs of the faith and virtues of the Pilgrims, the members of the club and their lady friends and the guests of the evening, to the number five to six hundred, seated at the long tables on the floor and the platform, partook of a bountiful supper. It was a fine audience—one rarely seen even at modern Athens. After supper, the President, Charles Carleton Coffin, began the speech-making with a fervid and patriotic address, recounting observations and facts of the war, during which he was on the field as correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. Collector A. W. Beard responded for our country, and Lieutenant Governor Haile worthily represented the commonwealth.

After the singing of an original hymn, by the audience, composed by the president, Professor Ryder of Andover was introduced to speak of the place of the colored man in the war. During his address, seasoned with humor and spiced with satire, he said we all belong to the body militant. All good things come through strife. The chains of evil are not dissolved by sunbeams nor by peaceful moonshine. The time has come to forget that the colored man was a Negro, and to remember that he was a patriot

and a hero. While the soldiers of the South were fighting to rivet his chains, he was faithful to his trust, caring for the homes, the wives and children of his master.

President Andrews of Brown University said the war was a test of character, and revealed the bad and the good in the hearts of men. It gave an impetus to thought and education. The representative old soldier is the foremost man in Congress, the leading man in the ministry and in business. The singing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic was followed by a humorous recital of "War Experiences" by Rev. J. B. Paxton of New York, some of whose seasoning was in questionable taste.

A convention of delegate representatives of the Congregational churches of Boston has been called for Thursday of this week, to look over the field and consider what can be wisely done to increase the number of churches and their membership in this vicinity.

BORAX.
Boston, May 28, 1860.

IOWA'S JUBILEE.

DES MOINES, IA.
Surely the first men are the historic men. The interior West has been making history; now it is beginning to celebrate the same. The semi-centennial of the Wisconsin Convention is to come in the fall at Madison, where it was organized. Here the State Association is just now in all the glow of its Jubilee, with four hundred and fifty guests on hand. Looking upon the great congregation as I came in, I broke out with the Apostolic aspiration, "Whose are the fathers." No longer are the ecclesiastical assemblies of the East peculiar in this sense. And these are our own men, grown venerable under a work that has been passing these years under the eyes of their juniors. At Chicago and Oakland we have much to say about raising up our own men in the West for the West. But we that are "native preachers" are glad to proclaim that the most as yet of what the West has come on to be, is mostly what has been done by the men who came from the East with so much of good sense in them that while they have been moulding things around them, they have, at the same time, been themselves, in part, shaped by the people among whom they have labored. Of the original apostles, Reuben Glyrd, Asa Turner, J. A. Reed, D.D., and J. C. Holbrook, D.D., the first two have passed on, with their works following them; and the last two yet abide with us. Of the Andover Band that came in the fall of 1843, there remain Revs. A. B. Robbins, D.D. (he Moderator), Wm. Salter, L.D., Ephraim Adams, Harvey Adams and Edwin B. Turner, all of whom, except the last, are in attendance upon this occasion. Mr. Turner, having served twenty years in Iowa, then took a pastorate of ten years in Illinois, from which, January, 1865, just as the Rebellion was beginning to tumble, he was called to serve in the midst of the disorganization of society in Missouri, as Superintendent of Home Missions. During that time the two churches of the State were brought up to seventy, with Drury College set up at Springfield, and Kidder Academy at Kidder. Since that time he has been located in York State, preaching as his poor health would allow. Doctors Robbins and Salter remain in their original pastorate at Muscatine and Burlington, well preserved and greatly honored. Harvey Adams has retired, and Ephraim, after a long service as superintendent, is now again honoring the pastorate. Dr. Reed has been the principal historian here; while Dr. G. E. Magoun has presented the "Congregational Factor in Reform"; President W. M. Brooks, "Fifty Years in Education in Iowa"; and Rev. E. Adams, "Fifty Years in Congregational Work in Iowa"; while the "Elders" have thrown in their enlivening reminiscences; Dr. Salter preached the Associational sermon.

Two colleges, Iowa and Tabor, and three academies, those of Denmark, Hull and Hilton, stand for the Congregational institutions. Iowa College has had from six to eight thousand students in all, three hundred and thirty-three graduates, and for every one of these seventeen undergraduates. Several of its graduates have gone far hence into missionary work. Tabor has had three thousand students in all, and has now an enrollment in all departments of two hundred. Iowa has a live State Home Missionary Society, which is independent, and has nearly raised the amount set for this year's undertaking, \$18,000. Its hundreds of churches, with its thousands of members, show the body to be one of great strength and influence in the State. The spirit of the seniors has been not so much one of glorification, as of humility that they have been permitted to have had a hand in such a glorious work. One of their boys, a protégé of Dr. J. C. Holbrook at Dubuque, came in for a remembrance as to his forty years of foundation-laying in California, and a letter of ringing memorabilia was read from the Nestor, who now sallies forth from Stockton.

I have observed in your paper a card of Dr. Strieby, and from the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association, heartily approved by Dr. Pond, our Superintendent of the Chinese Work on the Pacific Coast. That announcement changes the plan of financial operation over there. Instead of turning all the contributions of California over to the California Chinese Mission, the auxiliary of the A. M. A., all the collections in that State, as in all the other States, are to go to the parent

treasury, to be used in all the departments of the Association's work. This will afford your churches the pleasure of participating in all the phases of this missionary scheme. Meantime, the A. M. A. will appropriate to the Chinese Mission of California enough more to make good the amount needed to carry on the schools and the evangelizing process.

I do not know how the former arrangement came to be adopted, nor is it worth while to inquire; but surely, any anticipated advantage has scarcely been realized, and I am sure the present plan will work more for the satisfaction of the constituency in your State and for the efficiency of the Chinese Mission. Dr. Pond will have more time and courage to bestow upon the purely educational and religious part of the service. I was glad to find that his administration was sympathetically approved by pastors and friends among you, as I know it to be by the Committee and executive officers at New York. We shall hope that by this more congenial plan a much larger number of churches will find it their pleasure to fall in with the list of contributing congregations, and thus largely to increase the receipts into the parent treasury from the Golden State.

(REV. DR.) JOSEPH E. ROY.

FROM OKLAHOMA.

This country is new enough to be new. The soil is light enough to be dusty; the air rare enough to be breezy; society heterogeneous enough for Congregationalism at its best.

Thirteen months ago, Guthrie and Oklahoma City were pretty much "all place"; now they have some 8,000 population apiece, Guthrie probably more. Business blocks, costly and substantial, give the towns a substantial look. Churches—not one too many—with seating capacity for not one-fourth of the people, save these cities from the charge of being "godless." People are here from everywhere, but mainly from Texas and Kansas. One-fourth of those who rushed in here when the reservation was opened by Executive Proclamation, April 22, 1889, are not here. A more stable class have taken their places. Both towns, all the best towns in Oklahoma Territory, have an agricultural backing that assures permanence and growth.

One merchant in Oklahoma City has sold 3,700 bushels of cotton seed this season. This will seed 7,400 acres. Not less than 15,000 bales of cotton will be shipped from that one market next autumn. Add to this 70,000 bushels of wheat, and remember that this is the virgin crop of the soil. Portions of the Pacific Coast will hardly surpass this. Not so much of a craze to rush in on such soil. The world has not many times seen such growth in a year, and Old World Emperors look with wonder on such a movement of population, self-regulated, and with rare exceptions well ordered. A corresponding coup d'état by the church of God would make this a veritable Eden.

(REV. DR.) L. H. COBB.

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

In the *Missionary Review* for May Rev. George Wm. Knox, D.D., Presbyterian missionary of Tokyo, laments the failure of the attempt to transfer the Congregational churches of Japan over to the Presbyterian Church. He says: "It is a very great disappointment." "Everything favored success." "There was personal friendship among the leaders on both sides." "There was general agreement, in outline, as to terms of union." After going on and enumerating the favorable conditions, Dr. Knox says, "It was partly feeling among the Japanese that finally prevented union." So the boast was not fulfilled which this same Dr. Knox made in the Presbyterian ministers' meeting in San Francisco, August 13, 1888. He was reported in the *Occident* as saying: "Steps are now being taken for a union of the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies, which will give to the new organization, besides its general assembly, two synods, ten presbyteries, a hundred churches, nearly as many native ministers, and about fifty thousand members." The disappointment of the Presbyterians and Standing Order must be great to see one-third of the Protestant churches of Japan thus fail to come within the grip of the clergy. The choice was left to the Japanese churches, and they refused to be transferred. It is understood the native churches were not consulted when the missions and schools and property of the missions to the Nestorians, Syria, the Gaboon, Siam, Canton, Shanghai, Monterey in Mexico, and all the missions to the Indians of North America were transferred by the American Board to the Presbyterian Board. Probably, in all future transfers the native churches will never be consulted. This experiment has been too great a failure.

We congratulate the Union Church, Providence, on obtaining a pastor from Oakland, and from the Presbyterian ministry. Rev. Dr. Horton has effectively ministered to his own congregation, while interesting himself actively in the general affairs of his denomination, and in matters of concern to all good citizens, such as young men's work, temperance and education. Surely, when the leaders in the one denomination thus freely pass to be leaders in the other, community in Home Missions should gain friends. "For 'we be brethren.'"

Louis Kossuth's voluminous memoirs, which it takes three volumes to hold, are going through the presses in London, and will shortly be ready.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The last Monday Club was addressed by Miss Mary F. Lathrop, National Organizer of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. She is a pleasant speaker, and advocated the claims of her society with a good deal of ability. A large number of the ladies of the W. C. T. U. were present, several of whom improved the opportunity given to reply to Miss Lathrop. The attendance of the members of the Club was small, owing to the funeral of Dr. Dwinell. A vote of thanks to Miss Lathrop for her address was given by those present. Among the visitors were Rev. John H. J. Rice of Ohio, who has accepted the call to our West Oakland church; and Rev. Robert A. Tuff of Elizabeth, N. J., who is here on exchange with Brother Wikoff.

Rev. J. H. Goodell supplied the Third church last Sabbath. Our good brother left yesterday for Utah. We hope he will find his way back to this Coast, ere long, to stay.

Chaplain Rowell reports very few vessels in port, and so the attendance at the Bethel is small. About twenty meetings a week are kept up, however, as usual. There was one conversion last Sabbath.

It was Children's Day at Olivet church. Pastor Wood preached a sermon to them in the morning. There was a Band of Hope meeting in the afternoon, and a Children's Day service by the children in the evening.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams of Tulare, who is supplying Plymouth church during the vacation of Pastor Scudder, preached two good sermons to attentive audiences.

Professor George Moor supplied the church at Crockett.

Last Sabbath was Children's Day at Stockton. The Congregational church was elaborately decorated with flowers, and cages of singing birds were suspended on the walls, and the inmates mingled their voices sweetly with the "song" of the sanctuary. Pastor Sink preached in the morning on "God's Call to Children," from I Sam. iii: 4. In the evening a crowded audience listened to singing and speaking of the members of the Sabbath-school. Pastor Sink has gone this week to assist Rev. Mr. Crawford of Mokelumne Hill in a series of meetings, remaining over the next Sabbath.

J. C. H. Last Sabbath was Children's Day with us at Suisun. The church was beautifully adorned with flowers and mottoes. We used the service, "The Good Fight of Faith." The church was full, and the service very impressive. Received two young people to fellowship on profession of faith, and two more elected to be received at the next communion. Everything is moving smoothly, and the prospect is somewhat encouraging.

A. F. H. Our First church in Salt Lake City (Rev. J. B. Thrall, pastor) has sold its church property for \$50,000; services will be held for a time in the Opera House, until a new church building is erected. The closing services in the old building were held Wednesday evening, May 28th, when addresses were made by Colonel Hollister, Governor Thomas and others. At the first service in the Opera House, last Sunday week, there were 400 in attendance.

The church at Westminster received seven members at the communion June 1st.

John S. Zelle, son of a Congregational pastor formerly laboring in this State, is to be pastor in Plymouth, Ct., and to marry Grace Campbell, of Cherryfield, Me. He graduated at Yale Seminary this year.

Rev. James Ellis, son of Dr. James Ellis, formerly of Oakland, is pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, Saratoga.

Sunday, June 8th, was observed by the Congregational church in Vacaville as Children's Day; there were recitations and songs by the boys and girls. The pastor, Rev. H. E. Jewett, baptized eleven children. Many hearts in this church and community are saddened by the death of Dr. Dwinell, who spent many of his vacations here, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the church.

The communion service at the Olive church (Butte county) on Sunday, June 1st, was very interesting and profitable. There were seven additions to the church—one by letter, six on profession of faith. There seems to be a steady increase of interest in all our work. The Sunday-school is doing well.

Rev. A. Olsen of San Francisco conducted a gospel service for the Scandinavians, Sabbath afternoon, in the Baptist Tabernacle lecture room, San Jose.

Rev. W. C. Merrill has accepted the call to the church in San Diego. He will remain in Sacramento until September 1st.

A friend has made an arrangement by which quite a number of people in Washington will receive THE PACIFIC without charge.

On Thursday, the 5th inst., the Ocean View Congregational Sunday-school held its annual picnic. About sixty people, old and young, resorted to a lovely spot near Lake Merced to spend the day. The weather and surroundings were all that could be desired; and so was the social intercourse and friendly associations of those present. Sports were engaged in by the grown folks as well the

children, and prizes awarded to the successful competitors. It was not only a day spent happily, but one that abides afterwards as a happy memory.

I. B. E. Rev. Thomas L. Gulick of Maui, H. I., arrived yesterday by sailing vessel. He is here for a short vacation. Many friends will be glad to see him.

The Welsh people of this city and Oakland are expecting Professor Edwards of the University of Wales to preach for them in July. He is one of the acknowledged leaders of thought in Wales, and a very popular preacher. His commentaries on Romans and Hebrews are among the latest and best in the English language.

Rev. Dr. Benton and Rev. Walter Fear have been quite sick, but we trust in a few weeks will be about again as usual.

The subjects at Cottonwood were: "Blessings from Keeping the Sabbath Holy," and "The Compassion of Jesus." Before the evening service was quite ended Dr. Clark went out, but came back at once, saying: "Mr. Jones, better close the meeting. There is a fire raging in the town." It was the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Schuman, one of our lady members. She left that morning for Chicago to see her daughter. It was a sad sight to see the richly ornamented parlor, under whose brilliant chandelier I stood a few months ago to perform the marriage ceremony, going up in flames, and the young bride's \$800 piano. Loss, possibly, \$10,000; insurance, \$2,500. Cause of the fire, lamp explosion. Fire is a good servant, but a severe master.

J. A. J.

Thirty-three united with the church in Fair Haven, Ct., May 25th.

The church in Decatur, Ill., are building a new house of worship.

The recently organized church at Mill Creek, Ill., is building a house.

Nine new churches in Alabama recently organized the Mount Jefferson District Association.

The church at Ottawa, Ill., received twenty-seven, of whom twenty on confession, June 1st.

Daily meetings have been held for some weeks in the Belleville church, Newburyport, Mass.

The Second church, Waterbury, Ct., has enjoyed a large degree of prosperity for many years. Its membership is now 825.

The house of the First church in Fairfield was burned May 20th. The British burned the house of this church in 1779. This church was organized in 1639.

The remarkable revival meetings conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills in Bridgeport, Ct., were brought to a close May 21st. A very large number of conversions are reported.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Monterey, is recovering from his late severe illness, but is still unable to preach.

METHODIST.—I. C. Iliff, D.D., Superintendent Utah Missions of the M. E. church, occupied Dr. Briggs' pulpit at Pacific Grove, last Sabbath morning; and preached an able sermon from the text, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone."

SUNOL.

The church and congregation of Sunol held an entertainment on the evening of May 30th, the results of which were a good time socially, and proceeds to the amount of \$50, which has been applied to the discharge of some indebtedness which had accrued from current expenses for a year and a half past. At this season of the year Sunol is quite a resort for people from San Francisco and Oakland for camping along the borders of Alameda Creek, which skirts the town. The camping season has just opened, and we count two dozen or more tents which lift their white canvass heads in the beautiful park of the gigantic sycamores, and under the shadow of abrupt mountain sides covered with shrubbery and small timber, and at this season of the year also adorned with a luxuriant growth of beautiful and rare wild flowers and varieties of ferns, which spring forth from the soil moistened with springs and rivulets.

It is no wonder that this resort has become a sort of Mecca for the annual pilgrimage of multitudes who have once set foot in this beautiful dell. Dwellings, also, which are vacant during other months of the year, in these summer months are filled to overflowing with families from the cities. Besides the "Hazel Glen" hotel, which accommodates summer boarders, there are private dwellings which are also filled with the numbers who seek this hidden resort for its restfulness and the salubrity of the climate. And then, the convenience of access to the place—as on the railroad just six miles from the Niles junction, and but an hour and a half from San Francisco.

And what is most gratifying to the pastor of the Sunol church is that many of these campers and sojourners are Christian people and church-going people, whose genial presence in the house of God brings sunshine and cheer to our Sabbath worshippers, and to the increase of our congregations from our ordinary number of about fifty to near one hundred.

(Rev.) J. H. STRONG.

SUNOL GLEN, June 3, 1890.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

The past week has been the notable one of the year. The general State election was held last Monday, and a complete list of officers chosen, ranging from governor to constable, with a congressman thrown in. The Republican State and Congressional ticket made a clean sweep, excepting Governor, with large majorities. The difference in the vote received by D. P. Thompson, Republican candidate for Governor, and Hon. Binger Hermann, Republican candidate for Congress, who was elected to succeed himself for the fourth time, is about 12,000 votes, Hermann's majority being over 12,000, while Thompson was beaten by Penneyer, Democrat, by over 3,000. Why all this so happened is very difficult of satisfactory explanation, for Thompson is certainly the peer of Penneyer along all lines which go to measure manhood and general capacity, and is vastly superior to him in many respects.

Rev. W. H. Tubb closed an eighteen-day meeting a few days ago at Greenville, Washington County. This effort resulted in the organization of a church of twenty-eight members, and a Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society of over forty members. A chapel organ has been purchased, which adds to the interest taken in the services. This church, in connection with the churches at Hillsdale and Gaston, will be under the pastoral care of Rev. D. L. Fordney, who, with Rev. Daniel Staver of Forest Grove and Rev. S. S. Markham of Hillsdale, assisted Mr. Tubb in the public services. Another member was added to the church at Hillsdale as a result of these special meetings. Brother Tubb is an earnest worker, forty-eight souls having been persuaded to render allegiance to Christ through his efforts during the last two months. He began meetings at Tualatin, a point about eleven miles southwest of Portland, during the past week, and will continue there for the next ten days.

The church at Oswego are getting their plans for building a church into good shape. This structure will probably cost about \$1,800. About \$1,100 have been pledged, and with the aid of \$500 from the Congregational Union, which is confidently expected, the balance will be raised on the field. This is an important point and must be saved for the Master. Some of the contracts have been let, and the work must be completed in September, in order to avoid forfeiture of the ground donated for church purposes. The auditorium of the church will be 30 by 50, parlor 20 by 22, study 8 by 10, kitchen 10 by 12, tower 10 by 10, 65 feet high. There will be sliding doors between parlor and auditorium, and all will be well finished inside and out.

Rev. John A. Hamilton of Boston, Mass., Secretary of the American College and Education Society, arrived in the city yesterday. A movement is on foot whereby there may be a radical change in the management of Pacific University. Details will be given as they become definitely ascertained.

This is Children's Day, and as such is generally observed throughout the city by all the churches. In the First church Mr. Clapp made the service especially in the interest of the little folks, and gave a very interesting exposition of I Cor. xiii: 1, 4, 5, 6, making plain the gospel of love, and fitting it to the comprehension of youthful minds. At the beginning of the service six children were dedicated to God in baptism, among them three grandchildren of our beloved General O. O. Howard—children of Captain James T. Gray and wife, who is General Howard's daughter. Captain Gray is a son of the late W. H. Gray, a pioneer of 1836, who came to Oregon in the interest of the American Board. To-night a special children's concert will be given, appropriate to the occasion.

The trustees of the Baptist College at McMinnville, at their annual meeting held last week, unanimously voted that the college should be established in Portland, providing a sufficient sum of money can be raised to equip it as a first-class college at the beginning. Should this be done, the building at McMinnville will be used as an academy.

June 8, 1890. GEO. H. HIMES.

WORK IN INDIA.

(From a letter by Rev. J. O. Perkins, who are permitted to take the following):

MANDAPASALAI, April 12, 1890.

Dr. Clark writes that he has great trouble in getting money for the finishing of the bungalow, and for school buildings into which to move my boarding-school. In the unsettled state of the Christian atmosphere at home, owing to the doctrinal disputes, he fears that, instead of increasing the appropriations for my work, he will be obliged to cut down and give less. It is awful, isn't it, that the Lord's work should be stopped or retarded, while a lot of men sit at their study desks and fight out the question whether the Lord meant what he said when he uttered the words, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Of course, if there is a future probation for these thousands of souls around me, there is no special hurry about the work, and I can sell my oxen, close the bungalow and take a vacation to America and see the fun; but to one who can find no hope in the future life for these myriads of idolaters, it is a staggering, overwhelming fact to be handicapped and tied when about to draw in the net, or not to be able to mend it for a second throw. And yet these brethren are undoubt-

edly conscientious in their opposition to the American Board and its policy.

God forgive them; they know not what damage they are doing. One tour through a mission-field where the Lord is blessing the work, and where advance is manifestly retarded by a lack of means to keep up, will convince them that the theater of their discussions, wherever it may be, should not be the American Board.

The weather is getting rather hot. Yesterday I was in a village where the different castes are all combined against a Christian, and persecuting him in every way.

They, at night, go into his cotton field and destroy part of the crop, next day knock down part of his house, afterwards stop the washerwoman from washing his clothes and the barber from shaving him, etc. I do hope he will remain firm, for he is of the type that does much good in Christianity.

Last week I was sorry to lose one of our new Christians. His child died and a soothsayer got hold of him and told him it was because he had joined Christianity, and worked on him so that he finally went back to heathenism.

I went to his village, but he heard I was coming, and being ashamed to meet me went off that day to some other place.

Sometimes I do not wonder that a few slip back; the wonder is that more do not, when you remember from childhood they are taught the superstitions of heathenism, and after thirty or forty years they see a dim light in Christianity, come to it and perchance lose a child or somebody gets the small-pox, (they are always getting small-pox; the villages are full of it now), and immediately the heathen priest or soothsayer say: "I told you so; the gods are angry for your leaving; you'd better come back at once or something worse will be done to you. Cholera and small-pox always come with Christianity."

Curious, they will not reason. I ask, "Did not the heathen have small-pox?" "Yes." "Did not many more die among them than among Christians?" "Yes." "Then why say the gods are angry with the Christians?"

I told the Christians of that village who were faithful that man has returned to devil-worship again. Will the devil give him more than Jesus could and would. Wait and see; a few years will show whether it is more prosperous to trust the devil or to trust the Son of God.

JAMES C. PERKINS.

PIXLY, TULARE COUNTY.

On Sunday, June 1st, Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., of Tulare came down and preached for us, in his usual happy style. His theme was, life and Jesus as the source and fountain thereof; and his plea for a Christian life, and character, and the crystallization of all believers into a compact organization for the purpose of carrying on the Masters work and winning souls to Christ was as clear, forcible and logical as it was loving, tender and earnest.

Ten names had been given to the pastor, Rev. J. A. Thomas, with the intention of forming a Congregational church, and they were formally received into fellowship by Dr. Williams. It has taken hard, persistent labor, in the spirit of the Master, to secure this much, and every inch of the ground has been contested, but success has crowned the efforts, as it always does, when we rely upon God. The foundation is laid, the cornerstone is in its place, and now the structure is to be built up and we feel confident of success under the able leadership of our pastor.

Much has been done, much remains to be done, but God has led us thus far, and we trust in him to complete the work. This is emphatically a religious community. A Sabbath-school of over forty meets every Sabbath and are using our quarterlies. But the denominational lines seem to be closely drawn, and were I to predict any cause upon which to build any dark forebodings as to the future of our little church, I should say, "Be careful brethren; don't preach us to death." Before Brother Thomas came here the school-house doors were closed in the face of all religious work, but now we can hardly remember the appointments; and for a Christian minister to send an appointment at 2 P. M., when he knows that an hour later is the regular standing hour of the permanent pastor seems to us not only to lack ministerial courtesy, but to fall short of a Christian spirit, and shows but little regard for the eternal fitness of things. I love charity with all my heart, and also have a supreme regard for common sense. A word to the wise is sufficient.

June 3d. W. W. HUGHES.

THE GERMAN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The seventh anniversary of the German branch of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association was observed in the main hall of the building, Thursday evening, June 5th. Mr. Carl Birk, Vice-President, presided, and interesting and encouraging reports were presented for the year, together with a brief musical programme. Mr. Godfring of the Christian Worker's Training School, Springfield, Mass., who has been secured as General Secretary of this branch, was present, and in connection with the anniversary a reception was tendered Mr. Godfring. Mr. Godfring's office will be in connection with these apartments, and he will devote his entire time and attention to the moral, social, intellectual and physical development of German youth.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I scribbled my last lines to you en route to Eugene City. Soon after reaching that pleasant place I found myself under convoy of Professor Condon, who showed me the charms of the valley village from the heights of the University, and generously divided his time between his favorite science and the needs of the missionary churches. I never more heartily wished I were scientific than in the presence of this veteran enthusiast. He touched my love of horses by saying in one of the geological ages of Oregon "that there were little horses," compared with which Shetlands would be veritable Percherons. What class of students rode those ponies I forgot to ask him. I notice all these men of the rocks tell me some things I learned differently at my mother's knee, but if they leave me my Saviour as does this reverent and loving disciple, I am satisfied. Blessed school of Congregational breadth to which we are free born, while some have to pay a great price to get in! The Eugene church yet worship in a neat hall, and express themselves as well fed by the able sermons. Professor Knight of Salem preaches them. I happened in on an odd Sunday, and so put in a full day—two sermons—Sunday-school class, Y. P. S. C. E., and an address to the school. This wakens up the old pastor feeling. How I do enjoy it? It is an honor I increasingly appreciate to be entrusted with the important interests of the A. C. U. on this wide field, but the days I get nearest to a pastor's work with a flock are my richest ones. Distributing nickels to the bright little Eugene kids to invest for their new church, I felt like going right on to help them build. I'm not a candidate, friends, for anything more than the privilege of endorsing you heartily to the Union. I had to think at Eugene of a *bonmot* of Henry Ward Beecher—"Any western town having the usual outfit of churches can afford to subscribe for a Congregational church for the stirring up it will give them." Already I can prove that, from this interesting field; and I am equally willing to admit that an over-conservative Congregational church, which does not cover a whole community, may well be stirred by a busy Methodist church beside it.

Everywhere I go, Oberlin friends seem to spring up out of the ground and always with the grip of hearty fellowship. O friends, toiling for Christ on this far frontier, I wish you all felt for each other that love which has been taught as the secret of power in that grand Ohio school. Many sores would be healed; many weak enterprises would leap into strength. Am I too new a comer to preach a little? Is not one need among the strong men who have pushed their way to this monumental opportunity for good, that individuality be yielded to Christ? And Christ is sometimes represented to us by our brother, who is better than we paint him. Old-time talk with this veteran teacher ran so pleasantly on, my train left me, and I asked myself, How can this work for my good? It is one of the studies of life which we do not need to be bookish to continue. How is the Scripture fulfilled that all things work together for good to them who love God?

I had a pleasant, all-day drive across the country—got an idea of the soil and of the people of the rich valley I could not have had otherwise. Got pretty close to a fine, young Minnesota lumberman, too, as companion in my drive, who thinks God loves men who run mills for him as much as he does ministers and missionaries. I think so, too. And while I am on this subject of all things working for good, let me give you my answer as to how the mistake of the Council worked for good at Eureka—if the Council made a mistake. We only gave the Scotch verdict not proven. We were honest and united in that. We certainly gave our young brother a chance to be a man. We found ourselves in sympathy with the church. Now we continue in sympathy with them. Our charity bound them to us, and they will now combine with us to make a brighter record for the church in Eureka. Had we crushed the brother on insufficient evidence, as it seemed to us, they would have claimed we drove him to despair, and evil followed because it was expected. By and by, if not already, a disappointed man will cry to God for forgiveness and peace. Ere long, a heart sore woman, bereaved of a home, will pray God to let her die. Sin is a bitter thing. We need call no judgments on offenders. The fires of hell are burning now in bitter hearts. Let us continue our prayers and our fraternal plans for sweet gospel progress at Eureka. My wandering from the ride in the Willamette Valley is typical.

We lost the road and had to go through seven Oregon farm gates to get back, but we made Corvallis and found the Giant Great Heart at the generous manse. O. D. Father Taylor of the Boston Bethel once said, as he got mixed in his speech, "I've lost the nominative to my verb, brethren, but I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven." I often feel so in the jostling of this new work and the unexpected call for plans and speeches. But there are sweet oases in the desert, and the Corvallis manse was one. Only one thing was lacking. The kids were corralled at home when I longed to have them rounded up on the front seats of the church. If you give me chances to throw snowballs at you at forty degrees below zero do put the children at the front. You will get a better lecture, sure. I have some formative opinions about this great empire of Oregon, but I will

wait until after the Forest Grove commencement, and the Association at Salem, June 24-26, before I give them. I am to have ten days in Washington and then return here. And as we are working our way slowly to the old home where Williamses are very numerous, and the officials at the postoffice windows are perplexed by initials, will friends who write the good word or me please use the full name, my sainted mother gave me at baptism. Call the lady by her first name, and it is music to my ears. I will not dispute for the Rev., and the D.D. is always misplaced; but we who love to serve you in the building of churches of our Saviour will be sure to get your letters if you address them *to the new field*.

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

DEDICATION OF CHAPEL.

Sunday morning, June 1st, the day assigned for the dedication of the new chapel at Genesee, was ushered in with clouds and a pouring rain. Nevertheless, a goodly number of the people met at the appointed hour. Rev. T. W. Walters preached from the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." All indebtedness was swept away, and the house offered to Almighty God without incumbrance. Rev. Jonathan Edwards offered the dedicatory prayer. In the afternoon Rev. T. W. Walters consecrated six children by the ordinance of baptism. Rev. S. Greene and Rev. D. Wirt gave short addresses. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, Rev. J. Edwards preached a sermon from the text in Rom. 13-14, "But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." The celebration of the Lord's Supper followed, administered by Revs. S. Greene and D. Wirt. This service closed a short series of meetings, pleasant and profitable. The next morning found all the members sweeping along through the rich Palouse country, strengthened and encouraged by the experiences of the Association. E. J. S.

George Meredith has been suggested as Lord Tennyson's successor in the Poet Laureateship of England.

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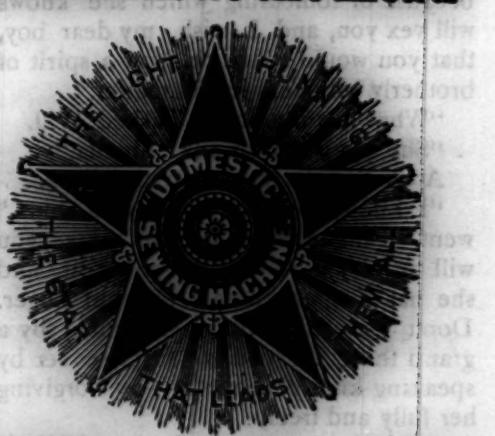
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THE LOVINGEST FACE.

"I love you, mamma," my little one said, as close to my heart as her golden head; "I love you lots," with a clasp and kiss; "The best of all mamma's mamma is."

"And I think," said she, looking up in my eyes, "with a glance that was tender, brave and wise, "That you've got just the loveliest face! oh, oh, I'm glad you're my mamma, I love you so!"

What was the praise of the world to me To the love of the little one throne on my knee?

And this was my prayer as I kissed the eyes That were smiling up at me, pearly-wise: May the face of thy mother forever be The "loveliest" face in the world to thee!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE LOST UMBRELLA.

"Oh, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home, I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?"

"No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother, gravely. "It is the first nice one Will ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress. "I'd do anything to give him another if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will."

The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands and was never more heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother," And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will, the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story about a boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes for his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him?" said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story-book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very badly because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick color flew to Will's cheek.

"I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it—by forgiving her fully and freely?"

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps on which he had been sitting, and walked quickly around the house and out of sight.

He felt as angry as Elsie said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries, which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given him by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxidized silver handle, and in its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was not going to rain.

It was gone, and he knew that it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized prop-

erty. He could, in fancy, see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself.

And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like to this, which was possessing him in his place, sure enough.

Will walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart. What lasting sweetness in lifting from her the burden of the fear of his severe fault-finding.

"I'll wait till some day I want it and then I'll ask where it is, and when she tries to tell me I'll kiss her and laugh," he said as at length he turned toward the house.

"But no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows I know."

"Elsie!" he called at the steps.

"What is it, Will?"

"Mother raised her head in anxious attention."

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"Oh, Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly toward him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh.

"Yes, you'd have a hard time to bring it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days you'd better set your mind at rest."

"Oh Will, aren't you angry with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before Will had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.

—New York Observer.

FAULT-FINDING.

Don't get in the habit of it. It's the easiest thing to do and the hardest thing to stop in the wide, wide world. It ruins your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth. Try and see the good rather than the disagreeable in the people and your surroundings. You would not go into a friend's house and find fault with what she does and with what she has and her ways of living; what right have you, then, to find fault with those who are more than friends to you—the people of your own blood? If there is a grace that we are all stinging with, it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought to be lavish. Why should you tell your friend that her bonnet is becoming when you have never said this to your sister? Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins when you have forgotten to tell mother how good her's were? Why should you announce how much Mr. Wilson over the way knows when father is a great deal better informed man, and it has never entered your little head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom? You keep your ability to discover faults for the home, while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly until you go out. Don't wait until some one is gone from you to tell of their virtues. Don't wait until sister is far away in another land to tell her how helpful, how pretty and how courteous she is; and don't wait until the weary hands are crossed and the long sleep has come, before you make mother know what a beautiful blue are her eyes, how tender her heart and how dearly you love her. Tell it all now—now, when the walk through life is hard, and the sunshine of praise is yearned for to brighten it, and to warm and encourage the pilgrim by the wayside.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

Ben Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented; I am French and my friend there is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast." It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gave light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Ben then rose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they stood still."—Exchange.

A PROPER COMPENSATION.

Two Harvard youths making a pedestrian tour in the Scottish Highlands were in the habit of stopping at small farm-houses and asking for milk, the charge for which was invariably a penny a glass. Calling on Sunday at a romantic-looking cottage in beautiful Glen Nevis, they were warmly received by the cottier's wife, and, though the milk was supplied, the proffered two-pence was refused, with the solemn admonition as to the impropriety of such doings on such a day. The collegians were turning away with a courteous word of thanks when the woman made her meaning clear. "Na, na!" she cried, "I'll no tak' less than saxepe for brakin' the Sabbath!"—Harper's.

THE ROBIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way Crept slowly out in the sun of spring, Pushed from her ears the locks of gray, And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles, stopped, And cruel in sport, as boys will be, Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped From bough to bough on the apple-tree.

"Nay," said the grandmother, "have you not heard, My poor, old boy! of the fiery pit, And how, drop by drop, this mercurial bird Carries the water that quenches it?"

He brings cool dew in his little bill, And lets it fall on the souls of sin; You can see the mark on his red breast still Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor bron raddya! my breast-burned bird, Singing so sweetly from limb to limb, Very dear to the heart of our Lord Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" said I to the beautiful myth; "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well; Each good thought is a drop wherewith To cool and lessen the fires of hell."

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall, Tears of pity are cooling dew, And dear to the heart of our Lord are all Who suffer like him in the glory they do!

HOW TO DRESS CHILDREN.

The maternal pride that prompts all mothers to dress their children as well as possible under adverse circumstances, says a sensible writer in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, also induces them to spend many an hour over their clothes without begrudging either the labor or time. Fortunately, the most appropriately dressed girls are the plainest clothed, just at present; but, by being plain in style, it does not follow that the little frock is not to be of a dainty material, tastefully made and in a becoming manner. Do not put too sombre a color upon a sad-faced child; neither have all around sashes on a stout little figure, which requires tapering effects. A little thought will soon settle this part of the task, which is the simplest. Blouse suits of the cotton imitating flannel; lawn-tennis flannel, which is part cotton; and all-wool blue and white flannel, and serge are the most comfortable of play dresses, and for little ones at the seaside nothing can replace them. If trimmed in any manner, let it be with cotton or woolen braid, according to the material of the dress. Sew the gathered skirt, which is amply full and hemmed, to a silesia underwaist, and have a sailor blouse, with the regular sailor collar and coat or shirt sleeves, with a round neck or tiny band as preferred. "Misses wear the blouse suits made in a similar style, and their half-worn skirts may be entirely worn-out with two or three odd blouses made in this fashion, or, as belted waists of wash surah or striped tennis flannel.

Nainsook for gimpes may be had ready tucked, or the white embroidery can be used. Separate gimpes are advocated, as they are easier to wash. White frocks are of plain nainsook or embroidered flouncing, 27 inches wide. Those of last season may be remodeled by adding a waist-belt of insertion, vest of the same and revers of edging over a tucked gimpes. If the skirt is too short, lengthen it with a row of insertion let in. Plaid and striped gimpes are always neat and accessories of embroidery, and small figured satens are frequently made over for little ones and worn with the inevitable gimpes, which is called an "American idea," though it originated in France.

Any dress to be made over for a young girl can have new sleeves, yoke and skirt border of tartan plaid woolen goods, cut bias. This may be used for any plain, dark woolen goods, and if the renovated dress is of striped material, the extra portions added are of plain cashmere. Their sleeves are full, collars high, or pleated and turned over, and the skirts are usually full and gathered. Round waists, jacket bodices and pointed basques having full fronts, are worn by young girls, with full vests, girles, half-belts and cuffs similar to those worn by older girls. The only silk addition made to their toilettes is of surah or India silk in small figures.

AN AFRICAN FEVER.

Once or twice we heard the snorts of hippopotami around our boat when we moored for the night. As we slept, each wrapt in his blanket, lying athwartship on bales and boxes, it was not pleasant to be waked near midnight by these unaccustomed sounds, and to hear the wash of the water along the gunwale, caused by these monsters.

We were not a little thankful that they confined themselves to grunts of defiance and forbore any actual attack—for by this time we were all suffering from African fever, and a good night's sleep was very precious to us. Our boat was small and overcrowded, and we were all good-sized fellows on board; so, when the fever was on us, it required considerable ingenuity and much crossing and recrossing of legs before spaces could be found in which to lie down at all, in the stern-sheets of our craft.

Poor Milne, a strong, stout-built man, who had served twenty-one years in the British navy, suffered more than any of us; and by the time we reached Manyanga the fever had taken so strong a hold of him that his case became hopeless.

We did all we could for him, but our small knowledge was of little avail. We hoped that he would rally when we got ashore again, but five days after we had landed he succumbed after a few hours of delirium. This was indeed a great blow to me, for although there was a great difference in our ages Milne and I

had been fast friends on the journey out. He had been very good to me in many ways, instead of ridiculing my inexperience, and on several occasions had helped me out of difficulties into which I had been led through ignorance. He never lost an opportunity of giving me such information as he thought would be of use to me when I should be away in the interior and alone. It was Milne who first showed me how to handle a rifle, how to use a sail-needle, and, even more important, how to cook the few dishes that have for years figured with such monotonous repetition in my simple bills of fare.

In return, I would amuse him and the others on the way by drawing rough portraits which they sent home to their friends; or, at night, I would sing a few comic songs to the accompaniment of my banjo. And here, at the commencement of our new career, the man who to all appearances was the strongest of our party was snatched away by death, while I, a not particularly robust lad, was left to wonder who would be the next victim to the dreadful fever that was burning in every vein and racking every bone.

I felt then that it was necessary for me to "brace up," keep a stiff upper lip and fight every advance of the enemy. To my surprise I found myself day by day growing stronger, while my companions weakened and failed; at last, one day I was able to announce myself as prepared to continue the march.—*St. Nicholas*.

A CAT WITH A GREAT HEAD.

There were three cats in a William-street family in Norwich, Conn., and the lady of the house concluded that one was sufficient to do all the business, and an edict of death was passed on the old cat and her kitten. The question of the manner of death was settled and chloroform purchased. Days passed after the chloroform was in the house before the executioner could muster courage to execute the sentence. To facilitate matters the lady thought some laudanum added to the cat's milk would produce a stupor that would make the chloroforming more easy. The drug was put in the milk and tendered the old cat. She tasted the food, cast her eyes suspiciously about her and refused to eat. The kitten rushed to the dish to partake of the milk and was violently knocked away by the old cat, who took a corner of a mat and covered over the dish to hide it from the kitten and prevent her from taking the "medicine."

The lady could not believe it possible that the act was intentional on the part of the cat, and uncovered the dish and again tendered the milk to her. She again knocked the kitten from the dish and covered it over more carefully than before. The repetition of the protective act gained the good will of the old lady, and she gave up killing the cats. She cannot satisfy her mind, however, whether the action of the cat was prompted by instinct or reason.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

TELL THE BULL.

There was once a very important person who thought that everybody knew him, or ought to know him. He was one day walking through a field, when a bull made for him with his head down and horns in a position to raise him. He was an officer, a man of dignity, political power, and natural pomposity, but he ran. He ran even better than the bull did, and got to the paling first. He clambered over, out of breath, and found the owner of the bull calmly contemplating the situation.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the irate officer, "by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the fields?"

"Well, the bull has some right in the field."

"Right—right? Do you know who I am, sir? Do you know who I am?" The farmer shook his head.

"I am General—, sir."

"Then why ever didn't you tell the bull?" asked the farmer.—*Sydney Advocate*.

A SPIDER IN HIS EAR.

Daniel Cadden, a clerk in the comptroller's office, has been suffering the most intense pain in his head for nearly a week. It struck him last Wednesday night, and at intervals he jumped about his room like a crazy man. Last night he suffered terribly, and a physician who was called, after a thorough examination, thought he detected an unusual noise near the drum of the ear. He inserted an instrument, and after about three minutes' work brought to light a great, ugly-looking spider. The insect had crawled into the man's ear while in the market-house last Tuesday. Cadden is all right now.—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE FIGURE NINE.—For one hundred and ten years to come no man, woman or child will write the current date without using the figure 9; for nineteen years during that period two 9's must be written—in 1899, 1909, 1919, 1929, 1939, 1949, 1959, 1969, 1979, 1989, 1999, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998; and for one year, 1999, three 9's will have to be set down. Of the people now living, it is safe to say that not one will ever write the date of his or her own time without using a 9. Besides minding their p's and q's, the next three generations must give particular heed to their 9's. Nine has never been regarded as a particularly lucky number, but beyond question the years in which it will hold so conspicuous a place will bring benefits of undreamed-of value to the world.—*New York Tribune*.

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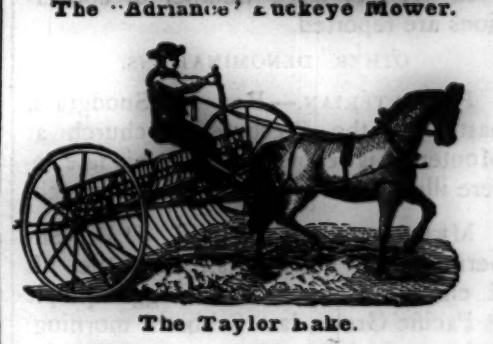
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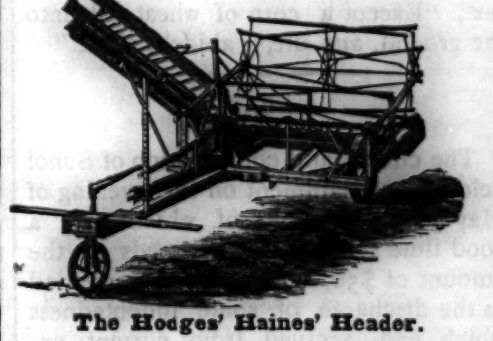
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THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA. Meets at Santa Rosa, Tuesday, October 7th, at 10 A. M.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF OREGON Will meet in Salem, June 24th, 25th, 26th.

GENERAL ASSN. OF WASHINGTON Will meet in Walla Walla Sept. 25th-28th.

Miscellany.

CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING

Christ never asks of us such busy labor.
As leaves us time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention.
That he some sweetest secret may impart;
Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer, to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see,
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatsoever he bids thee—
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still;
Twill matter little by what path he lead us,
If in it all we sought to do his will.

—The Open Window.

FIFTY PARAGRAPHS.

Truth wins.
Christ is his own credential.
Christianity was born full-grown.
All the man-made religions are alike.
Christianity's buckler is yet unperforated.
The expiring cry of Jesus shook the gates of hell.

Imposture is an easy art. But it is always easy to expose.
Christianity cannot be accounted for on the theory of fraud.
Disciples to self-denial and self-renunciation are not easily won.

The Christian religion can neither be repressed nor destroyed by man.
Had Christianity been spurious it would long ago have been destroyed.
Battle raged around Christianity's cradle. It had to win its first converts under fire.

The character of Christ, the words he spoke and the miracles he wrought built the kingdom.
The Christian religion has about it none of the marks of a human invention—a made article.

Christianity exists only because it demands holiness. It perishes at once when the demand is let down.
If Jesus was not a deceiver the disciples were not; and, vice versa, if they were not deceived he was not.

Christianity is a supernatural religion, delivered to man in a supernatural way, and accompanied by supernatural proofs.
Was Christ an impostor? Was Paul a cunning knave? Was John a deluded enthusiast? If Christianity is a fable, yes.

Men do not acquire a faith that will make martyrs of them—a thousand times more than martyrs—without some ground for it.
Though Christ's enemies resorted to force, no force was employed by himself, though declaring his ability to command legions of angels.

A revelation would prove itself by containing only truth. The Bible meets this demand. The absence of error is proof of its divine origin.
The three facts, Christ, his words, his works, are the full and possible explanation of the successful planting and permanent triumph of Christianity.

Nothing is more certain than that a brief spasm would have ended the tragic farce, had Christ been an impostor and his disciples either dupes or co-conspirators.
At present it is impossible to allege a fact of theology or a comical law which contradicts Moses, while every development of science yet made actually corroborates him.

There is no greater delusion than to imagine, as we stand in the blaze of revelation, that the things which are plain to us in its light could have become plain without its light.

No candid mind can read the gospel and come to the conclusion that the disciples and apostles and the multitude who attended the ministry and witnessed the miracles of Christ were the prey of an artful deceiver.

Suppose the Infinite were about to make a revelation, in what particular would he modify the ethics of the gospel? What would he add? What take away? What new duty would he impose? What already existing requirements would he revoke? What new motive would he appeal to? What new feeling would he command or demand?

In Jerusalem, right where the history transpired, among the spectators and witnesses of the crucifixion, and those who had heard and seen the Lord, while Calvary yet smoked with the victim's blood, and when a similar fate threatened every convert, three thousand were added to the church in one day. The headman's ax had no power to stop it.

Liberalism is a technic for broad-mindedness. The term is assumed and flaunted as notification that the wearer has outgrown the superstitious. Unfledged collegians affect it. Pulpiters of no faith hang it out to catch gullions.

It flourishes chiefly among apers of learning and among the habitués of lecture halls, where shallow liberals and socialist pretenders of both sexes exhibit borrowed scraps of tawdry scientific

drivel on subjects of which neither the lecturer nor the audience knows anything; the frogs, they are, of the sixth vial of the Patmos vision, spawned by the sorosis and esoteric brotherhood.—Foster's "Studies in Theology."

THE SUPREMACY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

President Eliot, of Harvard, discusses the question "What is a Liberal Education?" in the June *Century*. Its importance lies in the fact that so prominent a scholar and educator should take such strong ground in favor of making the sciences and the English language leading branches in the college course. While admitting that Latin and Greek are valuable studies, he says of English: "The first subject which, as I conceive, is entitled to recognition as of equal academic value or rank with an subject now most honored is the English language and literature. When Greek began to revive in Europe, English was just acquiring a literary form; but when Greek had won its present rank among the liberal arts, Shakspeare had risen, the English language was formed, and English literature was soon to become the greatest of modern literatures. How does it stand now, with its immense array of poets, philosophers, historians, commentators, critics, satirists, dramatists, novelists and orators? It cannot be doubted that English literature is beyond all comparison the amplest, most various and most splendid literature which the world has seen; and it is enough to say of the English language that it is the language of that literature. Greek literature compares with English as Homer compares with Shakspeare; that is, as infantile with adult civilization. It may further be said of the English language that it is the native tongue of nations which are pre-eminent in the world by force of character, enterprise and wealth, and whose political and social institutions have a higher moral interest and greater promise than any which mankind has hitherto invented. To the original creations of English genius are to be added translations into English of all the masterpieces of other literatures, sacred and profane. It is a very rare scholar who has not learned much more about the Jews, the Greeks, or the Romans through English than through Hebrew, Greek, or Latin.

"And now, with all this wonderful treasure within the reach of our youth, what is the position of American schools and colleges in regard to teaching English? Has English literature the foremost place in the programmes of schools? By no means; at best only a subordinate place, and in many schools no place at all. Does English take equal rank with Greek or Latin in our colleges? By no means; not in the number and rank of the teachers, nor in the consideration in which the subject is held by faculty and students, nor in the time which may be devoted to it by a candidate for a degree. Until within a few years the American colleges made no demand upon candidates for admission in regard to knowledge of English; and now that some colleges make a small requirement in English, the chief result of the examinations is to demonstrate the woful ignorance of their own language and literature which prevails among the picked youth of the country."

A WOMAN'S HANDS.

Those whose pocket-books and inclinations lead them to frequent visits to manicures, can, with but little personal care, always keep their nails in proper condition. But almost every woman can afford the expenditure of a few shillings and invest in a nail brush, a cake of castile soap, a small pair of curved scissors, a small piece of camoia skin, and a little pink nail powder. With these helps and the daily giving of twenty minutes of her time, there is no reason why her finger nails should not be correctly cleaned, polished and cut. For those who do their own manicure work, it will be found best to soak the tip ends of the fingers, as far down as beneath the nails, in warm water for a few minutes. Then press down, and cut off all the skin that has grown over the base of the finger nails. After this, carefully clean all dirt from under, or at the sides of the nails. Use your small scissors for the removal of rag nails, loose bits of skin and for the shaping of the finger nails, which should be allowed to grow a trifle long, but cut fairly close at the sides, so coming to a point in the center. This process being satisfactorily complete, next use your file, and thus remove all roughness. Then dampen a little of the pink powder, and place a small quantity on the lower part of each finger nail. After which, polish the entire nail with your camoia skin. Some people use the inside of an old kid glove, which will be found an admirable substitute. If you are troubled with rough or chapped hands, make a wash of equal parts of glycerine and bay rum. Put a few drops in the palm, rub both hands together as if wringing them, until the entire skin is thoroughly moistened. If a few drops will not produce the desired effect, try a little more. This is a very simple and inexpensive remedy, and can be applied as well during the day as at night, for it dries so rapidly that in a few moments your hands may be employed without injury to the daintiest fabrics.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effects of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.—Luther.

UNCLE SAM'S TIMEPIECES.

It costs Uncle Sam thousands of dollars a year to have his clocks wound. Every Monday morning you see men in Washington going about the departments carrying little ladders, like those used by the lamp-lighters. Their business is to wind and keep in order the clocks in the departments. Each man has his department or a section of the department to look after the clocks, and this is his sole business. In some places men are employed by the month for this purpose, while in other cases the contract is let by the month or year to some enterprising clock-repairer, who sends a "journeyman" around to wind the clocks and see whether they are in order, and then goes himself to make such repairs as are necessary.

The cost of winding and caring for the clocks in the departments runs at the rate of seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month in each department. There are in the Treasury Department nearly four hundred clocks. Some of these are expensive ones, and cost away up in the hundreds of dollars, though the average value of departmental clocks is not more than perhaps fifteen dollars or twenty dollars apiece. A good many of the clocks in the halls of the public buildings, and also those in the rooms occupied by the heads of departments, are very valuable, costing away in the hundreds.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

WHY FARMERS DO NOT SUCCEED.

They are not active and industrious. They are slothful in everything. They do not keep up with improvements.

They are wedded to old methods. They give no attention to details. They think small things not important.

They take no pleasure in their work. They regard labor as a misfortune. They weigh and measure stingily. They are wasteful and improvident. They let their gates sag and fall down. They will not make compost. They let their fowls roost in trees. They have no shelter for stock. They do not curvy their horses. They leave their plows in the field. They hang the harness in the dust. They put off greasing the wagon. They starve the calf and milk the cow.

They don't know the best is the cheapest.

They have no method or system. They have no ears for home enterprise.

They see no good in a new thing. They never use paint on the farm. They throw the barn door with a rail. They milk the cows late in the day. They have no time to do things well. They do not read the best books and newspapers.—*Rural Californian*.

BURDETTE ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

"Speaking of the old Puritan Sabbath, as it was observed in his younger days, Oliver Wendell Holmes says: 'I have never got over the saddening effects of this early discipline; indeed, I have hardly recovered from it to this day.' If the stern old Puritan Sabbath, with its subduing, saddening effects, wrought out such joyous natures as Beecher's and gave to the world such a beautiful blending of tenderness and strength, laughter and tears, heart-deep pathos and sunny humor as Oliver Wendell Holmes, let us have another century of Puritan Sabbath. Up to date the Sunday of the beer-garden has failed to bring forth a Holmes or a Beecher. It has evolved a Johann Most and an August Spies, but somehow that sort of a product doesn't seem to be quite up to the old Puritan mark. If it is up to the mark of to-day, then heaven save the mark. When you run up the bunting to-morrow, remember that it was the steady-going old Puritan Sabbath that hatched the Fourth of July. 'The day we celebrate,' dearly beloved, wasn't born in a Chicago beer dive on a Sunday afternoon; not by a jug full."—*Pearl of Days*.

BIRD-ENEMIES.

"The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm.

"Oae season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly shrieked out their fright! The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings."

A new ventilator car has been constructed for the transportation of bananas and other perishable fruit. The car has small windows, with flat shutters in the front rear and sides. On the inside of the windows are the iron slides to draw over the windows should the draught caused by the moving train be more than is required.

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

Literary and Educational.

PAMPHLETS.—"How the People can Help or Hinder the Pastor's Work" is a sermon preached by Rev. G. W. Bothwell in Oakland, March 17th.—We note in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* an effective sermon of Rev. Geo. A. Tewksbury, preached in Plymouth church of that city, applying the Golden Rule to the foreign missionary cause.—W. M. Griswold has prepared a directory of writers for the Literary Press, especially of the United States.—Whitman College Catalogue for 1889-90 shows ten professors and instructors and 176 students, 21 of whom are in the college grade. A. J. Anderson is President.—"Which? One Church or Many?" by W. K. Marshall and published by T. J. Morrow, Minneapolis, favors federation of Churches in the interest of union.—D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publish "The Flower Band," an exercise for Children's Day.—Charles S. Clapp of this city has written a pamphlet, "The Church and Chinese Immigration," in which he sets forth the reasons why the Church and Christian people should put no obstacle in the way of effective legislation against the influx of the Chinese.—The Boston Committee of One Hundred gave out for April Dr. James B. Dunn's tract, "The Pope's Last Veto in American Politics," 2cts. each or \$1 a hundred copies.

Go's GOINGS. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark, Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price \$1.50.

Go's Goings, the latest in the Yensie Walton series of Sunday-school stories, re-introduces the reader to some old acquaintances, notably Miss Bryony Perkins, whose sound sense and kindly heart have made her a favorite with every one, and Dr. Hobson, whose healthy spirits and gentle humor carry sunshine into the dark places where his profession so often leads him. The central character of the story is Trodworth Storwick, a young Southern girl, who on the death of her father comes North to spend a summer in the village with whose inhabitants the author has already made us so well acquainted. She is of a strong religious nature, and is anxious to become actively engaged in work of some kind among the poor. This idea is opposed by her mother, who would rather see her a leader in fashionable society.

THE FAIRHAVEN FOURTEEN. By Mariana M. Tallman. Price \$1.25. D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

"The Fairhaven Fourteen" were classes "Nine" and "Ten" in the Fairhaven Sunday-school. They conceived the idea of forming a society whose objects, should be "to teach and help them to be good, and to kind things for other people, and try to help the church and Sunday-school along." Such worthy objects persistently followed, could hardly fail of some measure of success. Under the last head they refurnished the Sunday-school room, almost remade the Sunday-school, and were the direct means of adding a number of new members to the church. The best thing they did in helping others was the setting up in trade of a poor old lady, thus making her happy and self-supporting.

The curiosity as to the Henry M. Stanley and the widely prevalent admiration of his achievements call out books that are not written by his own pen. But as long as they are not intended to deceive the reading public into the idea that they are what they are not, we presume, even Stanley will not protest. Arthur Montefiore is the author of a volume printed in England, and entitled "Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer." In 160 pages he gives a resume of Stanley's life and adventures and discoveries. It is a handy and comely book, illustrated, and the copy before us bears the imprint of F. H. Revell, Chicago. Price 75 cents.

The Arena has, in this first number of its second volume, enlisted the pens of Edgar Fawcett, President Eliot, Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge and W. H. Murray. Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee attempts to sketch Henry W. Grady. Hamlin Garland describes Ibsen as a dramatist. But what an unsatisfactory paper this is on "African Punishment!" The Arena may be commended for enterprise, fine typographical appearance; the portraits in it are life-like. The plan of the review is such as almost inevitably to suggest Pilate's query, "What is truth?" (Boston; monthly; \$5)

"How to Preserve Health," by Louis Barkan, M. D., is "an attempt to give the public an available hand-book of hygiene and sick-room assistance." It reads like the average physician's good sense, and cannot be said to be cranky. Indeed, its tone as to wine and tobacco is mild, and we should not think, as our author does, that the average California mothers need to put drops of whisky in the water for her thirsty child. \$1 in cloth. American News Company, New York.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. have printed, in excellent style, "Ought the Confession of Faith to be Revised?" a pamphlet of 125 pages, which gives the arguments of John De Witt, Henry G. Van Dyke, Benj. B. Warfield and W. G. T. Shedd. Price 25 cents.—Also "Christian Co-operation, Its Necessity and Value," by Wm. E. Dodge, President of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

SEEKING HOLINESS.

Here in thy royal presence, Lord, I stand;
I give myself, my all to thee.
Thou hast redeemed me with thy precious blood;
Thine only will I be.
No love but thine, but thine, will I receive;
No light, no love but thine.

Take, take me as I am; thou need'st me not;
I know thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is thine, all earth, each morning star;
High angels wait thy call;
I am the poorest of thy creatures, I,
The child of evil and dark mystery;
Yet take me as I am.

It would not cost thee dear to bless me, Lord;
A word would do it, or a sign;
It needs no more from thee—no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And oh, the boundless blessedness to me,
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blessed by thee!
Oh, speak, oh, speak the word!

I know the blood of thine Eternal Son
Has power to cleanse e'en me.
Oh, wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity;
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!

—Horatius Bonar.

AN AFFECTIONATE FRIEND.

A lady tells this true story of two four-footed vagabonds: "One day at a railway station I met a wretched little white cur, and I said, 'Come on and I will give you something to eat.' We went together into the dining-room, and after he had eaten a good meal, off he went in a hurry. 'He is not very grateful,' I said to my husband. But, much to my surprise, in a few moments there was a little scratch at the door, and when it opened, in walked my small friend, accompanied by a more lean and miserable specimen than himself. He seemed to say, 'Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Black, and if you will provide him with as good a dinner as you have given me, he will be much obliged.' Needless to say the both had a meal, which doubtless they remember to this day; after which they trotted away together, wagging their tails, as happy and contented as dogs could be."

Of the whole number of retail liquor-sellers in New York city, 2,004 have served out a sentence in different State prisons, 2,615 have been confined in county prisons, and 1,769 have spent one or more nights in the station house, leaving only 1,616 out of the 8,034 who have managed to defeat justice. Of the total, only 502 are Americans, 3,041 are Irish, 2,179 are German, and 265 are negroes. Of these 8,034 men of "good moral character," nearly 5,000 have been inmates of prisons or jails. Of the whole number one-sixteenth is native born.—*American Standard*.

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FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

I shall be pleased to send you self-measurement rules, by which you can take an accurate measure of yourself or friends, and shall be most happy to forward samples for self and friends. Please give me a call. Yours respectfully,

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The Forum is of great value to that part of my college work which deals with practical politics and current questions. Two sets are hardly enough for daily use by students.—Prof. ALFRED BUSHNELL, *Harvard*.

I consider THE FORUM as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, *University of Michigan*.

There has come forward no problem of grave importance since THE FORUM was established that has not been discussed in its pages by masters of the subject. Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for THE FORUM's discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. CARRISLE to Senator Gullom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

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No. 7 Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

WHITMAN COLLEGE.

Once I was asked to go through a factory to see the process through which raw material was put, in order to make the beautiful result I had been admiring. I was reminded of this last night as I sat in the Opera House here at Walla Walla, witnessing the graduating exercises of the Normal and College preparatory classes of this College. Here we are—these noble young men and women before us on the platform; to our right, are the refined product of a vast character-forming factory, of which Whitman College is one of the most potent forces, and the best representative. Here on our left, sit Faculty, Trustees, and such, representing the lives that are lived and to be lived by those younger people to our right, and also representing the forces that have thus far so beautifully molded the lives of these younger ones. Raised up as products of like great forces, they have taken their place among these forces themselves. So is it to be with these beautifully fashioned characters just leaving the college.

But music puts an end to reverie. The "Whitman Chorus" sing well under Prof. Cozine's leadership. Then without announcement essayist follows essayist, and we know their names only by consulting our programmes. The crowd in attendance is noisy, and the essayists' gentle voices at first do not reach us, even near the front seats. So we can hardly judge of the matter in Miss Maude Leonard's essay on "Nature Subservient to Man." So of Fred Aldrich's "Telegraph Monopoly," though what we do hear astonishes us first at the good grasp the young orator has of his subject, and the excellence of his arguments for governmental control of telegraphy.

Schumann's song, "I ne'er will roam from thee," was then exquisitely rendered by Miss Bella Ramsey—a voice showing marks of high cultivation, and excellent natural power, coupled with the simplicity of manner and of rendering that made the audience admire and applaud to the echo.

Now the audience becomes more quiet and the young essayists speak more distinctly, and we enjoy the essays of Miss Wilhelmina Mellicke and Miss Nellie Laird, and the poem of Miss Grace Ramsey on "The Czar and the Nihilist." The sympathies of speaker and audience united, as that excellent poem depicted the inhuman tyranny of the Russian rulers, and the sorrows of the down-trodden citizen.

An excellent oration, in which Mr. Chas. Cornwell unfolded well the "Statesmanship of Missions," was followed by a finished and superb rendering of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" by Miss Blanche Eckler. When she retired from the piano, the rafters rang again.

Miss Pearl Gunn surpassed the essayists thus far, some thought, as she mingled humor with a well-drawn application to life of her theme—"In Search of a Subject."

Miss May Johnson was last but not least of the essayists, and delivered the valedictory address, though as she addressed the Trustees and fellow-students her voice was so gentle that our ears were strained in vain to catch the words.

Mr. Walter Ferguson was last and best, some said; his subject was "Foreign Immigration."

The annual address then followed; its subject, "Man and Mind"; the speaker, Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Spokane Falls. It was a superior and instructing paper, and held the audience to the end, although it was then after ten o'clock.

A beautiful song—"Tirzah's Serenade," by Miss Estella Berry, and the programme was over.

The graduates in the Normal course numbered nine; those of the College preparatory, four. And every one was an honor to the character forces whose power they exhibited, and to the College they love and ought to love.

Geo. H. Lee.

YOUNG MEN'S EXCURSION.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Young Men's Christian Association for their fifth annual Association Day and excursion to Monterey, which takes place Wednesday, June 25th, special train leaving Fourth and Townsend street at 7 o'clock. Those desiring to return the same day will leave Monterey at 4:25 by special train. Tickets, however, are good for the regular trains the following day. The following programme will be given: Consecration meeting Wednesday morning, conducted by Mr. J. P. Fay, General Secretary at Santa Rosa, from 9:30 to 10:30.

Devotional exercises from 2:30 to 3:00, conducted by A. W. Wadsworth, General Secretary at Sacramento.

Three o'clock address by Rev. T. C. Easton, D. D., pastor Calvary Presbyterian church; subject "Our Young Men—the Work and the Field." In the evening at 7:45, address, speaker and subject to be announced later. Tickets can be secured only at the office of the Young Men's Christian Association, 235 Sutter street, San Francisco.

There was a strike among the fire-cracker makers of China, and in consequence there is only a supply of 450,000 boxes in this country. The ordinary supply at this season is 1,000,000 boxes.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JUNE 22.

LUKE XII: 22-34.

By Rev. W. N. Meserve.

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

1. *The false philosophy of life.*
This is well nigh universal. It is apparent on every hand that the chief business of life is to wrestle for food, raiment, and kindred things. Jesus Christ strongly condemns this spirit in explicit terms, by precept and illustration. The fault does not lie in supposing that food and raiment are essential to the earthly life; they certainly are; but in assuming that they are the chief aim. By overwhelming multitudes success in life is made to mean a competency. He is reckoned successful who fills his coffers and his barns, and another is counted unsuccessful who fails in these regards.

A sufficiency of material things is essential to success; any man or woman, well equipped mentally and physically who fails in matters of food and decent raiment is a failure, indeed. It lies within the reach of every righteous will to secure so much, and Paul, the great commentator, declares such measure of success to be enough, for he says, "Having food and raiment let us therewith be content." How to secure this in the right way is the teaching of this lesson, and Jesus is so plain that he who runs may read and understand.

At the outset Jesus says, "Be not anxious for your life." (Vs. 22.) Paul commends us to be anxious for nothing, but in all things give thanks. A simple mode of living would of itself do away with much of the anxiety that corrodes a multitude of souls. The cunning inventions that flood the world were not all inspired of heaven, nor did they all arise from legitimate necessity. "Nothing to wear" loses much of its pathos where tastes are simple and needs are few. The desire to shine and outshine in matters of dress is a fruitful cause of anxiety.

As a rebuke to needless anxiety Jesus says: "The life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment." On a certain occasion Jesus rebuked the Scribes and Pharisees, saying that they "paid tithes of mint, anise and cummin, and omitted the weightier matters of the law"—both should be attended to, particularly the latter. To enforce his teaching in these matters, he cited familiar examples: Consider the ravens; the product of the field is essential to their life, but their vocation according to God's appointment was by no means to sow and reap, rather to act as scavengers of the soil to rid it of destructive insects and reptiles, and so give the grain a chance; faithfulness in their vocation would insure an ample living to them.

Consider also the matter of growth; it is well that a man attain proper stature, but who can materially advance or retard the process by giving it anxious thought? He will far more surely attain man's stature by casting all anxiety about it to the winds, and by devoting his energies of mind and body to better things.

Still further, consider the lilies: it is not their vocation to weave beautiful garments; rather to distill by means of dew and sunshine a sweet fragrance which shall rise as incense to glorify God and to sweeten the atmosphere. The lily has its duty like the raven, in the doing of which, by a wonderful indirection, the question of clothing shall be gloriously answered. Weave as it might, it would make sorry work with its own adornment. Indeed, the lily is wholly dependent on God for its beautifying, but renders an equivalent in its exhalations of delicious perfume.

Jesus cites premises in these three cases—ravens, stature, lilies—that, rightly understood, lead to but one conclusion; if, then, God so clothe the grass and feed the ravens, how much more will he clothe and feed his children! "O ye of little faith," who deny or ignore such glorious truth! In Matthew, Solomon is introduced to add to the effect. Wise as he was, he ransacked the world for food and raiment, and so debased his powers to ignoble uses; it was required of him that he should bend all his energies and apply all his wisdom to matters of State, and so advance the kingdom of God. With all his "pomp and circumstance," the lily excelled him in glory.

Jesus gives glorious emphasis to the truth he insists upon, by saying: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" (v. 30). It is not the operation of blind law that supplies the needs of earthly children; it is rather the oversight of a real Father, whose delight it is to supply. Continuous providences confirm the statement. God interests himself in the affairs of his earthly family; his children are never consigned to the nursery, and to the dubious care of hirelings. He shuts them up in the hollow of his own hand, and shields them with omnipotence.

2. *The true philosophy of life.*
The condition upon which divine care is exercised is simple and reasonable. "Seek ye his kingdom, and these things shall be added unto you" (v. 31). This is a great commission. The meaning is by no means confined to a personal search for a hidden blessing. Broader than that, it means that one shall seek to advance the kingdom of God, and so be laborers together with God. Already the King has assumed the sceptre, and already the kingdoms have begun to wheel into line, and frail mortals have been enlisted to bring about this stupendous change in the world's affairs. Happy are they who grasp the situation

and grapple with opposing forces to help on the victory. God's soldiers need have no solicitude about rations and uniform; commissaries and quartermasters are in commission to that very end, and the supply is abundant and sure. All these things shall be added unto you, with an heirship to the kingdom in view (v. 32).

The philosophy of verse 33 is drastic medicine to a money-loving world. When Christians are loaded down with material things that breed distempers, corrode the soul and make drowsy every noble faculty, the work of God in the world languishes. Money and its concomitants are useful when rightly used. Farmer stored up is a menace; drawn upon freely it blesses, in whirling machinery, irrigating the soil and otherwise, endlessly. No uncertain sound comes from the Master's lips: "Sell that ye have and give alms; lay up for yourselves a treasure in the heavens; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-meeting Topic for Week Beginning June 22, 1890.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject—Taking knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. (Acts iv: 8-14)

Other References—Ps. xlvii: 1; xci: 1; Prov. iii: 5, 6; Lam. iii: 24, 25; Luke xii: 11; Ps. cxviii: 22; Isa. xxviii: 16; Matt. vii: 24, 25; xxi: 42; i: 21; I Tim. ii: 5, 6; I Cor. i: 27; Phil. iii: 1; I Thes. v: 23.

Christians are living epistles. The world has a right to read them. What may seem to the stranger like shadowy forms of faith and hope will be illuminated with ever brightening purity and manliness in proportion as we associate with Jesus. Nothing is lovelier and simpler than the Christ spirit in us. Nothing is more evident to the world than the kindly disposition, and unselfish deeds of those who have been with Jesus. The beloved Dr. Dwinell, translated to the skies to be forever with the Lord, exhibited in a marked degree, from the days of his Green Mountain State boyhood, that he had "been with Jesus," and the sweet memory of his walking with Jesus is sweeter than a wreath of immortelles upon his tomb. The loveliness of natures trained for heaven is proof positive that they have been with Jesus. Those things are supreme which are fullest of beauty, those characters are superlative that ascend highest and move in the atmosphere of the Christ-mind and love.

There are experiences which make some periods of our life more significant than others. It is a lofty privilege to entertain a keen perception of what is right and a commendable thing to struggle to perform it. But it is even more to say out of the experience of a loving heart, "I am willing to be nothing for the sake of Christ, and my advancement is as nothing if I can but show to the world that I have been with Jesus." This is higher than any one virtue. It includes everything beautiful, and true, and good. It is sowing in tears and faith, and coming back with sheaves in our bosom to him who wears the crown of empire, and holds the scepter of dominion and authority. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself," is the promise to such.

WE CAN FIND JESUS.

1. *In "the closet."* He has promised to meet us singly in the place of our private devotions. Men are carried through toil and temptation with a growing sense of God, and a decreasing sense of Satan, through the power and comfort of having been with Jesus in mutual communion. Anxieties, heavy burdens, severe trials are removed, or buoyantly borne, and conscious union with Christ is evident to all.

2. *In the prayer-meeting.* He has positively promised to be where "two or three are met together" in His name. Here He meets eager souls. Of all the exercises of our Congregational churches the prayer-meeting is the dearest and best. Our Christian Endeavorers will find their prayer-meetings a place of communion and brotherhood, where Jesus is perpetually present, and serves to his followers the bread of life. He is not a far-off echo, but in our midst, and within us as the still, small voice and the hope of glory.

3. *In the public service.* He never forsakes his holy temple. Riches, health, friends, credit, hopes—all are ready at an instant to wing their flight, and abandon us to sink into the mire and clay of a changeable life. But in God's house we may meet one who is mighty to save and to lift up to a higher sphere, for "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." The busy world may blow a gale outside the sanctuary, but within the flame burns unmoved upon the altar of devotion. We share that steadfastness, and the world knows that we have been with Jesus.

4. *In every walk in life.* He accompanied the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and the thoughts and feelings that had been chilled and put back by disappointment were immediately budding and blossoming again. Why lavish time and wealth in search for the philosopher's stone? Why wander up and down in jungles and feverish everglades to discover the fountain of perpetual youth? Jesus is joy, and Jesus is life, and he is "that spiritual rock which follows us" wherever we go. Men will know that we have been with Jesus:

1. *By our moral courage.* It will be moral courage "perfumed with the love of Christ." It will be consistent, not re-

actionary; even, and not violent. It will be steady, uniform and decorous, seeking not the happiness of self, but of others.

2. *By good deeds done.* The Christian engaged in a labor of love for the conversion of a soul impresses himself firmly upon the willing heart. Their may be special seasons for sowing, and ripening and reaping. But the husbandman, in Central California, is sowing some kinds of seed in every month. We may sow seeds of kindness at all times, "instant in season and out of season." All are connected parts of the one great system of divine love. The best things we do are not always the things we set out to do at a particular time. If there are such tides of intelligent enthusiasm in our hearts that deeds of unselfishness are performed as by second nature, men will irresistibly feel that we have been with Jesus. People are naturally more attracted by blossom and fruit on very young trees than when they find them in a full-grown orchard. And we are charmed more with a blossom where we did not expect it than with a similar one in a flower-bed. We expect good deeds in church and Sunday-school, and loving acts from aged Christians. But when the world finds these in business, upon the street, and everywhere, adorning the lives of our young people, it knows that they, too, have been with Jesus.

TULARE CITY.

BORN.

FAITHFUL.—At El Verano, Sonoma county, May 26, 1890, to the wife of Charles M. Faithful, a daughter.

Jeffre Johnson, who was at one time a slave under the laws of New York, is still living in Kings county, that State. A bill of sale, still preserved, shows in 1809 he was disposed of for £50, and that he was then "about nine years old."

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This beautiful Park lies on the North Pacific Coast Railroad, 40 miles from San Francisco.

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The park comprises about 3,300 acres, being one of the largest and most romantic in the world, not being excelled in beauty by the Scottish Highlands of Scotland. In fact, Inverness of California resembles in many respects Inverness of Scotland.

It has a frontage of four miles on Tomales Bay, which (being twelve or fifteen miles from the ocean, and narrow) furnishes warm water for bathing. Unlike other salt-water resorts, the bathing is most agreeable. It is almost impossible to get children to come out of it, so warm and pleasant is the temperature. The water is shallow, gradually growing deeper until sixteen feet is reached.

Fishing and hunting are favorite amusements. The beautiful groves of pine and laurel, and the many clear, babbling brooks are refreshing, and make the place unusually attractive.

It is four miles westward over a range of mountains to the Pacific ocean. This range protects Inverness and Inverness Park from the harsh winds of the ocean, so disagreeable at many of the ocean resorts.

The view from the top of the mountains, about one or one and a half miles from Inverness, is grand in the extreme. The broad ocean, dotted with the masts of ships from all nations and climes; the Farallone Islands; Santa Cruz mountains and the Golden Gate present a magnificent panorama. On a very clear day Mount Shasta and the Lassen Peaks, 350 miles northward, are seen like white clouds in the dim distance.

The route to Inverness is over the North Pacific Coast railroad, and is the most picturesque of any in the vicinity of San Francisco, resembling in many respects the Swiss-like scenery of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad.

About 400 lots have been laid out, varying in size, but averaging 50x120 feet, one hundred of which were sold last season. It will probably be necessary to lay out another tract into lots to meet the growing demand this year.

Many of those who had the choice of lots last season are offered one hundred per cent advance on what they paid. The advance will doubtless continue, as this is destined to make the most convenient, cheapest, and grandest resort in the vicinity of San Francisco.

The inquiry for lots and camping privileges from the interior of the State, where the heat is so severe for four months in the year, is already great, and will doubtless continue to grow during the season.

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